

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 12, 1957

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.00 A YEAR

GOLD CUP PREVIEW

OLD PRO LOU FAGEOL
TALKS HYDROPLANES



CHAMPION HYDRO RACER
RUSSELL SCHLEE



GOOD—so good it's remarkable

EARLYTIMES

Early Times is so good that . . . Of all the hundreds of fine whiskies made in Kentucky, Kentuckians themselves overwhelmingly choose Early Times over all other straight whiskies. Try it yourself. You'll have better times with Early Times.

© 1997 EARLYTIMES

70% ALC/VOL (140 PROOF) WHISKY • EARLYTIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY • 86 PROOF



AUGUST 12, 1957
Volume 7, Number 7

Adapted from page 3

COVER: RUSSELL SCHLEEN
Photograph by Bob Miller

Tall Russ Schleen, who won the national high point championship last year in his unhatted-class hydroplane *Shorey Jr.*, is one of the top favorites in the Gold Cup Race at Seattle August 10 and 11. For an expert's view of Schleen and the other crack Gold Cup drivers, turn to page 38.

All rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions. Copyright © 1957 by Time Inc.

HE MURDERS WITH HIS WRISTS

Bank Active is killing National League pitchers. By ROY TERRELL

WAR WHOOP FOR AN OLD BREED

The spotted and spectacular Appaloosa horse, in text and COLOR pictures

A FIGHTING FISH FOR THE SALTON SEA

JOHN O'REILLY reports on a sea angler's paradise in California

BEAUTY ON THE WING

The rewards of butterfly hunting, in four pages of brilliant COLOR

PREVIEW: BATTLE FOR THE GOLD CUP

In Seattle, the roaring hydroplane are ready to go. By MARK LAUND

PUBLIX PRODIGY

A city promising youngster runs the public course title. By GWILYM BROWN

YOU SHOULD KNOW...

What ED ZERN has to say about Scotch whisky and Highland grouse

BONNIE PRUDDEN'S FUN & FITNESS COURSE

In the second of her series, she presents THE SPINE-DOWN STRETCH

READY ON THE FIRING LINE

Probs, a National championship and Sergeant Joe Besser. By COLES PHINNEY

SPORTS CARS FOR THE KIDDIES

In five pages of COLOR, JERRY COOKE presents some fine beauties

FLAGS IN THE FRONT YARD

PALL O'NEIL hears Lucell Thomas' extraordinary private golf course

THE DEPARTMENTS

● SCOREBOARD	4	● WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT	22
● BASEBALL X-RAY	5	● TIP FROM THE TOP	30
● FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR	6	● HOTBOX	34
● COMING EVENTS	7	● THE 13TH HOLE	35
● EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	12	● PAT ON THE BACK	36

NEXT WEEK

WHAT ABOUT THE LITTLE LEAGUE?

In the first of two parts, *Sports Illustrated* examines a burning subject: do we exploit our kids?

**PLUS: NINE PAGES ON
WATER SKIING; AND A
HAMBLETONIAN PREVIEW
FOR THE TROTTING FAN**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

HAMBLETONIAN
PREVIEW



THE HAMBLETONIAN
PREVIEW
BY
HUGH HENRY



Pardon the
intrusion...but if
you're an engineer,
Douglas needs you!

Steady now! Here's your chance to combine big job opportunities with top living conditions.

Maybe you don't relax so strenuously. But life can be lived fully in Douglas locations across the nation.

And even more important to you, we're fairly bursting with activity in the big job of fulfilling major commercial and military assignments.

We think you'll be solidly impressed with the offer we'll make to add your talents to one of our crack engineering teams.

Please write for complete information to:

C C LeVENE
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY
BOX 620-H
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA



CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM THAT WON—IN STYLE

(AND WON CHEERS FROM THE BOARD OF PUBLIC OPINION)



Contrary to what some people in Detroit think, the styling team at Chrysler Corporation does not have a crystal ball.

It's simply that the forward-looking men who shape our cars know design and they know people—a combination that puts styling position on pretty solid ground.

A while back, Virgil Max Exner, above, Vice-President and Director of Styling, predicted that people would go for a dart or wedge design because it's the motion shape. It's *functional*. Jet planes use it—so do missiles and racing boats.

Fast October, the five cars that bore the stamp of this conviction—having been exhaustively tested, probed and proved at the company—went before that highest tribunal, the Board of Public Opinion.

And then? And then history was made. People took in the look, lift and grace of this new shape of motion and loved

it. They saw that the shape was built in, not added on. And they discovered that the engineering was every bit as daring, different and triumphant as the appearance. Torque-on-Air Ride banished roughness, "lean", and front-end dive. Pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission demonstrated a sixth sense for smoothness. TotalContact brakes set a new standard of ease and safety. These were real news, *big news*! And so, shortly, were the sales figures.

Today, it is clear that *the switch is on* to the cars of *The Forward Look*. One out of every five new cars is a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial. They're being bought by people who realize that years-ahead design means dollars-ahead value.

It will take you but a few well-spent minutes with one of these cars and with one of our dealers to discover that now's the time to buy advanced design . . . and that you get it exclusively with *The Forward Look*.

Mr. Exner and his team of stylists were recently awarded the Industrial Designers' Institute gold medal for establishing continuity of design in the five lines of 1957 cars while maintaining separate design identity for each line.



THE FORWARD LOOK
CHRYSLER CORPORATION



PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL • DODGE TRUCKS

X-RAY



Danny Murlough, lantern-jawed former infielder who has had plenty of experience with floundering Pittsburgh, both as player and coach, was given dubious honor of succeeding fired Bobby Ragan as "interim" manager of Pirates (see page 12).



THE HOME RUN BAT of Roy Sievers (left) exploded last week for six in as many days. This tied a long-standing AL record and gave Sievers 39 for the season, a new individual club record. The face of Manager Harry "Cookie" Lavagetto (right) burst into smiles as the Washington Senators climbed out of last place for the first time this season.

SALT MET

JOHN ANDLAND, McIntoshville, Calif.: One Design title with 7,312 pts. Average.

WINDYBO, skippered by Walter S. Gabelman, 52, in Greenwich is Duck Island Come sail on 7,440, for Edward Welch Chubb Memorial Trophy.

RAY LYNN, Philadelphia, in A-1 Cat APBA 240, is on hydro rail title with 42,761 high average, Cambridge, Md.

RANDY CASPERSON, Newark, Del. in First Affair APBA 136, is on hydro rail title with 55,094 mph average, Columbia, Md.

BOXING
BOBBY BOYD 10-round split decision over Willie Williams, middleweights, New York
CHRIS VIGAR 10-round decision over Ray Ando, middleweights, New York
JOE BROWN 10-round decision over Gilberto Medina, lightweights, Louisville, San Antonio
KENNY LANE 10-round decision over Teddy (Red) Davis, lightweights, Mulhagen, Miss.
B/S, Natl. Amateur Tournament with 28 pts., Seattle

GOAL
MARLENE STEWART SREIF Fe-chest Oct Cane
4th Index' closed title w/4N 276 Sat 14 holes Moss
red
SALLY WHIELER Glasgow Wy over Andy Cohn
on 2nd hole Women's Western 11 title Daxton

HARNESS RACING
WILMINGTON'S STAR \$25,000 Au River Paig
1 m by 1 length in 2:02 3/5 Yorkain Ed Taylor
dis. out

HORSE RACING
WINNER \$16,250 Chaco Steaks 1 1/8 m. by 1
Joseph in 1:45. Monmouth State Racetrack vs
6,311 SCHMIDT \$70,000 San Diego H. 1 1/8 m. by
Joseph in 1:42. Del Mar. Mike Valenzuela vs.

MARATHON
MAL ROBERTSON, USC, W. Hemisphere Marathon
in 2:55:42.5 for 26 in 385 yds. Culver City, Calif.

CONFIDENTIAL 15 m marathon in 6:23

TENNES
ALAN ROBERTS Brooklyn over Robert Galsgode 7 5
1 4 6 4 6 7 with p/ singles into Kalamazoo
BILL BOND Lakelya Carl over Dennis Malden 5
3 6 4 and boys like Kalamazoo
KAREN BLANTZ San Diego over Nancy Richy 6
6 5 7 6 2 with arbi 15-and under title Chicago

TEAM LEADERS

This work of 26 to 40 J

AMERICAN LEAGUE	W	L	PCT	GB	BEHIND	DIFF
New York	6-1	557	67.34			
Boston	4-3	714	56.46			
Chicago	4-4	571	51.82			
Detroit	3-4	428	50.51			
Baltimore	3-4	479	49.52			
Washington	3-4	479	36.66			
Cleveland	3-4	313	50.31			
Kansas City	2-6	330	36.68			
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
St. Louis	6-0	1,006	63.40			
Cincinnati	4-2	584	63.47			
St. Paul	3-2	714	63.40			
Philadelphia	4-4	360	26.47			
Cincinnati	3-3	500	39.45			
New York	2-6	250	44.68			
Pittsburgh	2-7	721	39.68			
Pittsburgh	0-8	500	26.68			

[illegible]

	Betting		Months		Finishing	
Week	Game	Score	Game	Score	Game	Score
Monday	4:00	Marble	3:02	Marble	29	Gun
Wednesday	5:27	Williams	3:28	Williams	30	Bowling
Friday	4:33	Ten	3:10	Friday	31	Prize
Saturday	2:00	Marshall	2:46	Marshall	35	Swimming
Race	1:04	Royd	3:24	Ten	11	7 and with 30-4
Run	3:45	Seven	2:35	Seven	30	Prize
Run	3:45	Seven	2:35	Seven	30	Prize
Hold	3:45	Seven	2:35	Seven	30	Prize
Hold	3:45	Seven	2:35	Seven	30	Prize

Mace	500	Mazel	336	Mazel	24	Tekere	12.5
Amores	326	2 hand with	331	Suzuki	26	Podres	9.4
Logan	462	Aaron	338	Aaron	30	Battl	31.4
Bouchon	379	Bouchon	297	Levin	15	Seinfeld	24.3
Temple	423	Robinson	316	Crowe	23	Lawrence	18.8
Jablonski	448	May	320	May	27	Gomez	18.6
Tanner	380	Morgan	302	Barnes	23	Goffi	8.8
Cooper	316	Cooper	332	Chomov	18	Pushkin	1.6

Home	About Us	Services & Products	Contact Us	Privacy Policy	Terms & Conditions	FAQ
----------------------	--------------------------	---	----------------------------	--------------------------------	--	---------------------

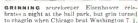
THE SEASON (to August 3)

	BEST	WORST
Bullying (AL)	Williams Ben 314	Bridgeaux Doug 213
Enuff (EN)	Arneson Matt 330	Morgan Chris 216
Home rule	Woolf Hilary 30	Agarwal Chirp 0
Notifiers (AL)	(1 per 30) AL	(330) AL
Home rule	Arneson Matt 330	Arneson Matt 330
Notifiers (AL)	(1 per 30) AL	(330) AL
Pitching (AL)	Seanez Ch 15-7	Larp David 614
Pitching (AL)	Stanford Phil 14-3	Kline Phil 2-15
ERA (AL)	Shelton NT 2-41	Stalins Week 8-0
ERA (AL)	Podres Ben 2-57	Reynolds C 3-25
Complete games (AL)	Brewer Ben 13	Lemoine Dave 2
Complete games (AL)	(over 75) AL	(over 75) AL
Complete games (AL)	(over 25) AL	(over 35) AL
Team HR (AL)	Kearney Gary 314	Bellmore 62
Team HR (AL)	Concannon 126	Pittsburgh 62
Team runs (AL)	Boston 504	Kearney Gary 346
Team runs (AL)	Concannon 314	Chicago 395
Team runs (AL)	St. Louis 193	Chicago 395
Team runs (AL)	St. Louis 193	Chicago 395

RUNS PRODUCED			
	Runs Scored	Home Runs Batted In	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Mantle (NY) (342)	96	46	142
Servetus (Wash) (299)	73	49	122
Minnoso (Chi) (209)	60	55	105
Jennett (Box) (279)	56	56	112
Wetzel (Cle) (206)	55	57	112
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Anson (Mil) (226)	77	50	127
Muskel (St L) (238)	65	60	125
Huggins (Wash, St L) (298)	79	36	115
Wynn (NY) (320)	73	42	106
Reese (Chi) (272)	67	39	106

THE ROOMERS

	AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Batting	Wash. NY	296	Keske St L	296
Home runs	Field JC	10	Boucher Phil	10
	Merritt Clay	10		
ERs	Merritt Clay	38	Boucher Phil	34
Pitches	Jayne Wash	3-3	Barnes Phil	34



FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

Best before-hand waters of Kings, San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Kern, Sacramento and Trinity.

WASHINGTON: Lowland lakes dormant except for those with August silver run, like Stevens County's Lewis Lake, where silver trout reach 120 feet of head rise and bass and worms will take limits averaging 15 inches. This is season of know-how and know-where as taken at 5,000-foot level become accessible. In Olympic National Park there are many 500-foot trout trails ready for home and hiker. Hot tip: logging roads extending west of Baker Lake Road in Mount Baker National Forest have brought inshore rainbow country into easy hiking distance. Washie Creek and upper Silver Creek forks of Nooksack River extending to Elbow Lake are full of rainbow trout. Bass are easy for flies. In fact, that's a game predator there called two characters with illegal catch of 100.

OREGON: Diamond Lake suddenly blossoming into hottest fishing hole in state. Kamloops rainbows, not in fat, sculpin shape and coming to 4 pounds. Most anglers are setting limits, with fly-fishermen doing well at evening on streamer flies. Best producer is multiple-placed sunnyside trout with small triple-leafed sunnyside flies behind. Chuvash trout is making for handier catches. OG as fish increase in size weekly on abundant fly supply.

PENNSYLVANIA: Fishing in deliriums with water in all streams extremely low and W.T. high. Trout anglers who do venture out find going tough, as most streams are clogged with algae. Trout season announced that season will be extended to Oct. 31 on 20 lakes in northwest, including Wallenpaupack, Pike County, and Harveys, Luzerne County.

NEW MEXICO: FVG in early morning at northern mountains but daily afternoon shows keep most streams M. Magnitude of trout-fishing are getting limits along Chama, Brazos and Rio Grande but size not braguable. Streams are so heavily stocked that Algonquin canoe anglers advise that any serious angler can catch quantity if not quality. Fly-fishermen are getting a few good results in high lakes. Water C at Elbow, Housheer, Lake and Heat lakes, with an hour apart both at dawn and sundown recommended. Continued rains, however, mean that anglers should make lake inquiries before making long treks.

MICHIGAN: All streams L and C with FP for trout on Manistee and Saginaw. Marquette Boardman during daylight. FG at evening with variations due to local factors. FP for rainbows on Manistee and Whiskey Run through Fife Lake Forest.

COLORADO: OG with first reports from Pagosa Springs, Haystack and Durango areas where streamers are getting limits. Trout season starts. Steamboat Springs, Gunnison, Salida-Louisville, Grand Mesa and Eagle areas also have substantial streamer forecasts.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Veteran observer reports FG on main north, north-west and little southwest Miramichi past week. Rejuvenated fall pace early in week on account of heavy rains and peaty water but OG. Nova Scotia: 100-pounder providing many fine fish. Water H.

TARPOON: ILLINOIS: Local enthusiast reports tarpon plentiful along eastern coast and in Lake Pontchartrain but nobody having much luck with them. Offshore fish apparently scared by log run of bait fish and spawning over most ingenious lures and talented men.

FLORIDA: Fishing from Carrabelle to Apalachicola best ever, with monstrous schools hitting anything remotely resembling a lure. Anglers out for hours and markers out have been most agreeably surprised at sudden attacks of silversides. Top tarpon in St. Augustine caught was 37½-pounder caught in North River by Leighton Gales, Mayport.

50° ocean open	SH slightly high	FI rising	FP fishing poor
50° ocean close	H high	W 50° water 50°	OG outlook good
C clear water	VH very high	FG fishing good	OVG outlook very good
D water dirty, foamy	M water muddy	FVG fishing very good	OF outlook fair
N water	L low	FF fishing fair	OP outlook poor
normal height			

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: Fishery head count at Presidio west on Sacramento tallied 3,360 fish, a 50% increase over 1956. Presumably the best bet for chinooks to 35 pounds on Sacramento in near Corning. Parallels, Santa Cruz-Moss Landing area look better but should pick up with better weather. Substantial early run of chinooks off mouth of Klamath, and limited heavy takes in Trinity on splinters, but real big run there waits on rain.

WASHINGTON: FVG in Tacoma area. Sekin producing silvers in 12 pounds, kings to 15. With The Coal Mine and Miller Point also enjoying famous activity. OVG as local chinooks should be starting to move into harbor. Bellingham harbor reports. Neah Bay and straits waters hot spot, because, for once, Gypsy Rose Line is fishing there (she took her limit of silvers) and also because silvers are running to 15 pounds, with kings topping 10. When wind abates, anglers ought to find much schools just off Westport at Puck Possession Bank at south end of Whidbey Island claiming finest king and fish-mouth fishing in five years, with deep-lifted dories and heaving doing quite nicely in early morning. In north sound, Port Lockhart, north-west tip of Deception Island, all along north side to Point Lawton first rate for silvers, humpies and several massive springs.

OREGON: Salem correspondent reports FVG in grounds off Coos Bay, Winchester, Newport, Haystack Rock and mouth of Columbia, with all yielding limit limits. Newport in close focus with silvers exceeding 15 pounds, chinooks averaging 20. Mashed or slow-trilled herring is whereabout, but some enterprising anglers are catching silvers with fast-trilled Chis flies. OG as weather becomes more favorable.

BETTER CALIFORNIA: FP on account of bad weather, indifferent fish, but OG as fish are bound to appear presently.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: Trolling off Alvarado remains best bet, with stripers now running at 20-pound average. Brainers are also holding up. Upper Bay improving as wind subsides, with stiff trollers doing splendidly on twin sprouters with spoons, no wogies. FG in San Pablo Bay for blue-chinooks. Marinchen-Bonnet area improving and OG. FVG hitting in breakers run for up Sacramento River at Battle Creek for first time in years.

NEW JERSEY: FF/CI on rock jetties from Owen Grove north through Long Branch, with best results coming at night. Bugged cels are preferred temptation.

MARSHMARTENS: FP, though good takes in Cape Cod Canal this week should provide suitable action. Dawn fishing with schools and plugs set bet. Nauset Beach showing some action after 2 a.m. set plugs. Some fish being taken at Cape Cod Bay in Church Spire area of Brewster and along Dennis shore.

MARLIN: BAHAMA: Bites snoring all along western edge of Great Bahama Bank from Bimini north to Grand Bahama Island and occasionally wallowing a rugged marlin. West's heaviest was 350-pounder subadult off West End, Grand Bahama by W. C. Hansen-Jensen, St. Petersburg, Fla.

NEW JERSEY: Third annual Atlantic City white marlin tournament wound up three-day

competition with 36 whites headed by 250 anglers. Mrs. Maude Gordon, Great Egg Harbor (N.J.), Y.C. was individual winner, taking 62- and 46-pounders on 20-pound test. Tournament's largest fish was 106-pounder gaffed by Jack Noble, South Jersey Anglers Club. First blue of year was 173-pounder landed by Edward Habes, Quakertown, Pa., while fishing off of Barnegat Light Yacht Basin on Doria May 17.

BAHAMA: Twenty-seven blues were headed off Kona from July 22 to Aug. 1, totaling 9,455 pounds. Mightiest was 675-pounder (franklin) by John Heil of Kailua, Kona, T.H., after hour-and-a-half battle OVG.

NORTH CAROLINA: July hillside score off Oregon Inlet, Nags Head comprised 91 whites, eight blues and 12 snailfish for new record. Best yet for August in off outer banks between Nags Head and Ocracoke.

MUSKELLUNG: MINNESOTA: FG on Leech Lake, with 54 muskies over 21 pounds taken there last week from Portage Bay. Best was 26-pounder started by Jimmy Lutzel, Ames, Iowa. Optimum areas now include Walker and Trading Post bays near Walker, OG.

NEW YORK: Sheeran's Bay tips in Chautauque Lake, confirms Jameson agent, with Carl Neal, Warren, Pa., taking week's honors with 33-pounder. OG on excellent weather prevails and muskies apparently in heavy feeding cycle.

TROUT: NEW HAMPSHIRE: Some good rainbows (and a smattering of landlocked salmon) have been taken recently below Errol Dam at Errol, the Pentuck River below Pentuck Reservoir, and Milan on the Androscoggin. Several White Mountain ponds continuing to offer good fishing on the evening rise. Little Millfield Pond near Errol and Lonesome Lake near Franconia have broken going for dry flies from mid-afternoon and dusk. A number of White Mountain rainbow streams are surprisingly good with water at nice level. W.T. excellent. Size 16 Grey Fox (Jennings), combination of ginger and fly-optional. Hook hawks with body color of fly optional, all working well.

VERMONT: FG in all but northeast section of state, where drought has lowered water level. With exception of lower half of Windsor County and all of Windham County, stream and pond conditions are favorable and stocking continues. FG for brookies in upper section of White River near Hancock, first and second branches of White at Chelona and Tumbidge. Plenty of water reported in Orleans, Essex counties.

IDAHO: Silver Creek opened Aug. 2 with 2,000 anglers reporting for opening. Northern part of state fell off past week with advent of soaring temperatures. A condition which has been general on lowland streams. But thermometers fell over weekend and fly-fishermen were out in most areas at evening. FG from 6 p.m. to dusk in Upper Coeur d'Alene River, Coeur and Grange creeks. Northern Mountain Lake, Hazen Lake and Seven Devils Lake. Inland, FG OVG on all high mountain streams and lakes. Fly danger extreme at present, however.

CALIFORNIA: Heavily stocked mudhole lakes such as Isabella, Big Bear, June Lake loop and Bridgeport Lake providing best fishing. Peak of season near in high country as vicariously are packing and hiking to wilderness waters.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

L. John G. Zimmerman 2, Max L. Rice 4, A.P. 1, Bob 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

COMING EVENTS

AUG. 9-AUG. 18

■ TV ★ VIDEO V.I. ■ VETERAN RADIO

All times E.D.T., except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Pace Rochester

Boating

Swiss Crest Island Race, 200 miles, Los Angeles (through Aug. 18)

Boxing

Sugar Mallet Vagel Akon, welterweights, 10 rds., Cleveland 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

Columbus All-Stars vs. New York Giants, Chicago, 9:30 p.m. (ABC)

Golf

La Jolla Country Club Invitational Tournament, La Jolla, Calif. (through Aug. 12)

Horse Show

Midwest Quarter Horse Show & Pace West, Great Falls, Mont.

Horse Racing

(Trotting)
Windsor State Fair, \$487,800, Springfield, Ill. (through Aug. 18)

The Grayhound Trail, \$45,000, Wilmington, Del.

Rifle Match

National Rifle Matches, Port Clinton, Ohio (through Sept. 18)

Water Skiing

Eastern Water Ski Championships, Lake George, N.Y. (through Aug. 12)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10

Airplane Racing

Major Airplane Races, Dulhock, Wis. (through Aug. 12)

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Race, New Bedford, Pa.

Baseball

Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Pittsburgh, 1:25 p.m. (NBC)

Chicago White Sox vs. Detroit Tigers, Chicago, 2:05 p.m. (CBS)

Cincinnati Reds vs. Chicago Cubs, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)

Boxing

Carl (Cubs) Olson vs. Pat McMorris, heavyweights, 10 rds., Portland, Ore.

Horse Racing

Atlantic City Handicap Invitational, \$100,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Atlantic City, N.J., 5:15 p.m. (NBC)

International Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 5 f. (last quarter), Washington Park, Ill., 6:15 p.m. (NBC)

The Whiskey, \$40,000, 4-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Saratoga Springs, N.Y., 5 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Show

Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.

Tennis

Nightman Cup Matches, Swetley, Pa. (through Aug. 12)

Water Skiing

Conferon Open Championships, Greenham, Del. (through Aug. 11)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Martineau, Va.

Baseball

New York Giants vs. Philadelphia Phillies, New York, 2 p.m. (NBC)

(Atlanta)
National Senior Tournament, Hershey, Pa. (through Aug. 18)

Boxing

Seattle Sealer Cold Cup Race, unbranded hyacinths, final, Seattle, 5 p.m. (ABC)

Los Angeles Race, San Francisco Bay, Calif.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12

Archery

National Field Archery Championship, Walkers Glen, N.Y. (through Aug. 15)

Baseball

(Atlanta)
Little World National Baseball Tournament, Columbus, Miss. (through Aug. 17)

Boxing

Hopkins, Sailing Trophy, Men's Championships, Oyster Bay, N.Y. (through Aug. 16)

Boxing

Frank Lopez vs. Orlando Duarte, lightweights, 10 rds. St. Paul's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (CBS)

Golf

1987 All State World Wide golf championships, Shaw Air Force Base, S.C. (through Aug. 17)

All-Army Championship, Fort Ord, Calif. (through Aug. 17)

USGA 9th Girls Junior Championship, Denver, Colo. (through Aug. 16)

Horse Racing

Prairie State Stakes, \$20,000, 2-yr.-olds, 8 f., Washington Park, Ill.

Tennis

Midwest Atlantic Clay Court Championships, Wheeling, W. Va. (through Aug. 18)

The Newport Casino Invitational Lawn Tennis Tournament, Newport, R.I. (through Aug. 18)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13

Baseball

Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)

Boating

America's Coast Star Class Sailing Championships, Nantuxet, Mass. (through Aug. 17)

Fisher Sailing World Championships, San Diego, Calif. (through Aug. 17)

Boxing

National Pistol Championships, Camp Perry, Ohio (through Aug. 17)

Swimming

National Women's AAU swimming meet, Houston (through Aug. 18)

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14

Auto Racing

NASCAR Short Track Division Pace, Philadelphia

Baseball

New York Giants at Brooklyn Dodgers, New York, 7:25 p.m. (NBC)

(Atlanta)

12th Annual All American Amateur Baseball Assn. Tournament, Johnston, Pa. (through Aug. 18)

Boxing

Moses Quisenberry vs. Dorey Moore, welterweights, 10 rds., Saratoga, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

P. Morris, Fall Stakes, \$50,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 6 f., Washington Park, Ill.

The Teal, \$25,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 7 f., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

(Trotting)

Empire State Trotting Classic, \$20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

Baseball

Boston Red Sox vs. New York Yankees, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (NBC)

Golf

St. Paul Open, \$22,000, St. Paul (through Aug. 16)

Horse Racing

(Trotting)
Crescent Stake, \$25,000, Springfield, Ill.

Louisiana Fall Stakes, \$27,000, Springfield, Ill.

Rodeo

Black Hills Range Days, \$8,000, Rapid City, S.D.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Classic, Old Bridge, N.J.

Boxing

Park Hill vs. Baby Vangelist, lightweights, 10 rds., Louisville, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

Los Angeles Rams vs. Washington Redskins, Los Angeles, 11:15 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

American Legion Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 7 f., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

Auto Racing

USAC 100-mile Race, Springfield, Ill.

Baseball

New York Yankees vs. Baltimore Orioles, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)

Midwestern Classic vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Milwaukee, 2:25 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

Ashford Wager Memorial, \$50,000, 3-yr.-old & up, 1 1/16 m. (last quarter), Washington Park, Ill.

The Trolley, \$40,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Saratoga Springs, N.Y., 5 p.m. (CBS)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18

Auto Racing

USAC 150-mile Stock Car Pace, Milwaukee

The Annual All American Soap Box Derby, Akron

Boxing

Northern Lake George Stock Outboard Regatta, Lake George, N.Y.

You'll
never
know
how
good
you
are
until
you
play
a



Maxfli
BY DUNLOP

"Sold Only Through Pro Shops"
DUNLOP SPORTING GOODS DIVISION
500 5th Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.



MURDER *with a* BLUNT

THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES are sticking right in the middle of a riotous pennant race, in spite of multiple injuries and a subpar performance from their famed pitching staff. The man who has supplied most of the glue is Henry Louis Aaron, and if his contributions fail to do the job once again this year, perhaps the only hope remaining for Milwaukee would be to get Ty Cobb on waivers from the American League. Certainly no one else could do any more.

Aaron is the rather indolent-looking young man who showed up on the first day of spring training at Bradenton, Florida in 1956, sauntered casually to the plate in the gray road uniform of the Milwaukee Braves, swished a borrowed bat back and forth a couple of times, and then hit the first three pitches out of the park.

"Ol' Hank," he then pronounced, "is ready."

No one fell over in surprise. Ol' Hank, who wasn't really so old (having just turned 22 at the time), was always supposed to hit the baseball, and almost always seems to have been ready. From the day he first reported to the Braves in the spring of 1954, a scared 20-year-old with less than two seasons of experience in the lower minors behind him, the entire Milwaukee organization had been acting strangely like a family which discovered a uranium mine in its backyard. That first season Aaron hit .280 and was second only to Wally Moon of the Cardinals in the voting for Rookie of the Year. The next year he hit .314 and drove in 106 runs. Now—Ol' Hank having had time to look around a bit and get the feel of the big leagues—things were expected to pop.

That they haven't popped, at least not enough to bring Milwaukee its first pennant, is assuredly not the fault of Hank Aaron. In 1956, proving that he was indeed ready, he hit .328, won the National League batting championship and became the only player in baseball to make 200 hits. And this year—at week's end—Hank was hitting .337 with 31 home runs and 83 runs batted in, leading the league in all but RBIs and slashing his way toward the first triple crown since Joe Medwick accomplished the feat some 20 years before. He was also ahead in total hits (140), total bases (260) and runs scored (78). What would have been considered heresy a year ago, people were now prepared to

EIGHT-INCH WRISTS. BIGGER THAN THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP'S

The culprit is Hank Aaron, chief pennant hope of the Milwaukee

Braves, who has been called the killer of all pitchers. At 23,

'Mr. Wrists' is the league's best right-handed hitter since Hornsby

INSTRUMENT

by ROY TERRELL

accept as simple fact: this slender, 23-year-old Negro from Mobile, Alabama is the best right-hand hitter seen in the National League since the days of Rogers Hornsby.

Perhaps the most unusual part of the Aaron story is the fact that no one gets very excited about it. Sometimes it is even easy to forget that Henry Aaron is around. Without the physical proportions or explosive speed of a Mickey Mantle, without the breathtaking color of a Willie Mays, without the long and brilliant—and controversial—career of a Ted Williams, Aaron seems to be hardly a personality at all. He says practically nothing, stays out of nightclubs, never loses his cap running the bases, and spits only upon the ground. He has not even had time to become the quiet but lethal legend which is Musial. All he does is walk up to the plate four or five times a day to hit a baseball.

It is then, however, during those brief moments, that the thousands wake up and realize, almost too late, that here before them stands one of the divinely gifted few. He looks small down there in the batter's box and not very deadly at all. He stands well away from the plate, toward the rear of the box, languidly swinging the yellowish-white bat in a low arc. Then the pitcher stretches and throws, Aaron cocks his bat and the ball comes in. At the last moment he strides forward and leans toward the baseball; the bat comes whipping around in a blur almost too fast for the eye to follow and there is a sharp, loud report. A white streak flashes through the infield or into the outfield or over the fence, and Henry Aaron has another base hit. Sometimes he does this two or three times a day. Some days, because he is human, he doesn't do it at all. But, occasionally, because he is Hank Aaron, he does it four or five times. It is this which sets him apart.

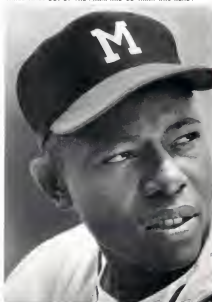
This year, Aaron has been hitting everything within reach. He beat the Redlegs 1-0 with a home run on April 18. On May 2 at Pittsburgh he had five singles; the next day he drove in four runs with a double, a triple and home run. On May 5 against the Dodgers he hit two singles, a double and a home run. On May 18 he beat Pittsburgh 6-5 by driving in four runs with two homers and a single. He drove in both runs in a 2-1 victory over the Dodgers June 27. On June 29 he began a streak in which he hit seven home runs in eight games. And on July 16-17 he had six for seven.

One day Birdie Tebbetts was moaning about how Johnny Logan and Del Crandall of the Braves always murdered his Reds. "How about Aaron?" someone asked. "Aaron," said Birdie, "murders everybody."

The Dodgers agree. They say the big No. 44 on Aaron's back really means four for four. When informed during spring training of 1956 that Henry was hitting .552 against the Dodgers in exhibition games, Walter Alston shrugged

continued

THREE TIMES OUT OF THE PARK, AND OL' HANK WAS READY



MURDER

continued

in resignation. "I see no reason why he won't keep on hitting .552 against us all year." The fact that Aaron hit only .442 against Brooklyn in '56 undoubtedly pleased Walter very much.

In June of last year, with Aaron in a slump and batting well below .300, Fred Haney was still able to classify Henry as the least of his problems. "That boy is a .350 hitter," said Haney. "I'm not worried about him. He'll be up there." In another month, he was. This year, with Aaron steadily in the vicinity of .350, Haney doesn't know what kind of a hitter to call him. "Maybe he'll hit .300," says the Milwaukee manager. "Maybe he'll hit .400. I don't know. He's capable of anything."

Just why Aaron is capable of hitting .350 or .400 or anything, no one is exactly sure. The wrists, of course. Everyone knows about them. "Best wrists in baseball," says Haney. "Best wrists in baseball," says Tebbetts. "Best wrists in baseball," says the man in shirtsleeves up in Section 27, Row 13, Seat 5 to his friend in Seat 6, who only glares because he was going to say it himself as soon as he swallowed the rest of his hot dog.

The wrists are good. They are almost eight inches around, which is not only larger than they look but also more than an inch larger than the wrists of two other citizens named Patterson and Jackson who moved into the Polo Grounds last week not long after Aaron left. The forearms ripple with little knots of muscle whenever Henry curls his big,

oversized hands around the handle of a bat. And despite the trim, 31-inch waist, it takes a size 42 uniform shirt to cover the sloping, powerful shoulders and muscular back and chest.

"He's like a rock," says Doc Feron, the Braves' trainer. "Smooth muscled but hard. And, you know, he's not really so little, either. He just looks like it in his uniform. Henry's a pretty big boy."

Anywhere but on an athletic field filled with 200-pounders, Aaron would be considered a pretty big boy. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. But there is more to it than wrists and forearms and muscles and size. He also has exceptional eyesight and a natural rhythm and sense of timing unsurpassed in all baseball. "It's fantastic," says Warren Spahn, "how long he can look at a pitch before he decides whether to swing. It's as good as giving him an extra strike." But perhaps most important of all, Aaron is a fine hitter because of one fundamental belief: a baseball is made to be hit.

At the moment of impact in Henry's swing, the weight is far forward on the front foot, more so than any other player in the game today. It is a position reached by intent rather than chance. An offensive hitter, as opposed to many ball-players who are concerned only with protecting the plate or themselves, Aaron is always going out to meet the ball, to attack it. He considers the bunt a fine tactic so long as it is employed by someone else; a base on balls is absolutely no fun at all.

There are those who believe Aaron might hit .400 if he would take a few walks when he finds them, lay down a

THE BAT COMES WHIPPING AROUND IN A BLUR . . . HE PUTS MORE WEIGHT ON THE FRONT FOOT THAN ANY HITTER IN THE GAME TODAY



bunt now and then and lay off the bad pitches. He is a notorious bad ball hitter whose strike zone was once described by ex-Braves Manager Charlie Grimm as "a general area ranging from the top of his head to his toes." And when Aaron was playing in the Sally League an opposing pitcher once warned a teammate not to waste time dusting him off. "The last two I threw at his head," the pitcher said, "he hit out of the park."

But no one is absolutely convinced that he won't someday hit .400 anyway. And he never had a lesson in his life.

Born in Mobile on February 5, 1934, Henry grew up with his five brothers and three sisters in one of the better-class Negro residential sections, called Toulminville. He was a quiet boy who liked sports—football, basketball, softball—and books. This may come as a slight shock to some members of the National League, who swear they never saw Henry—even in those rare moments when he remained awake long enough to read—get any closer to the public library than the comic book rack at the corner newsstand. But his mother says it is true and that he was a good student. Besides, there are a lot of things the National League hasn't figured out yet about Henry Aaron.

He played baseball one summer in the city recreation league and must have been a pretty impressive rookie even then; upon graduation from Central High in 1952 Aaron signed a contract with the Indianapolis Clowns, a touring Negro professional team, and set out by bus to see the world. He got only far enough for organized baseball, in the person of a Braves scout named Dewey Griggs, to see him and like him.

The Braves bought him for \$10,000 on a 30-day look and sent him to Eau Claire in the Class C Northern League to play shortstop. By the time he had been there two days, Manager Bill Adair had seen far too much to send him back. After Henry had been there a week, he was named to the league all-star team. He finished the season hitting .338 and was named rookie of the year.

At Jacksonville the next year, Aaron led the Class A Sally League in everything but peanut sales: batting (.362), runs batted in (125), hits, runs, doubles and most hours slept for day, week and season.

"The most relaxed kid I ever saw," says Ben Geraghty, who now manages the Braves Triple-A farm club at Wichita but who was at Jacksonville that year. "From the time he got on the bus until we got to the next town, Hank was asleep. Nothing ever bothered him."

Henry also led the league in most errors for a second baseman, and it was then that the Braves decided he would become an outfielder. But no one ever attempted to alter his batting style. Paul Waner, the famed Milwaukee hitting coach, soon sent word up through the organization that everyone was to keep hands off when Aaron walked to the plate. "He's got a perfect swing now," warned Waner. "Don't anyone try to change him. Just let him alone."

"The most natural hitter I ever saw," says Geraghty. "He would go out to hit—you couldn't keep him out of the batting cage—and he would pick up the first bat he came to. Didn't seem to make any difference."

"He hit a home run off Gene Conley one day when we were playing Toledo in an exhibition game. 'What bat did you use, Henry?' the next hitter asked him. 'The Greenberg model,' Henry said. 'You couldn't,' the other fellow told him. 'I've got the Greenberg model.' 'Well,' Henry said, 'anyway, I was usin' a bat. It must have been the right one.'

"He hasn't really changed, I guess. This year in spring training, after he won the batting championship, I asked



AARON'S UNIFORM NUMBER MEANS FOUR FOR FOUR

him what kind of bat he was using now. Figured he'd say 'a Babe Ruth handle with a Hornsby barrel' or something like that. He said 'I've got me two bats now. A long one and a short one. I use the long one when they're pitchin' me outside and the short one when they're pitchin' me inside.'

"And I'll never forget when we changed our signs in the middle of the season. Henry came up and I gave him the take sign. He hit a home run. 'Why didn't you take that pitch like I signaled, Henry?' I asked him. 'I thought that was the hit sign,' he said. I told him that was the old hit sign. 'Heck, Ben,' he said. 'I just learned it the other day.'

"The rest of the year I didn't give him any signs at all. He just went up there and hit away. It worked out all right. I guess if you had enough hitters like Henry, you wouldn't need any signs anyway."

Geraghty, like a lot of other people who have come in contact with Aaron, still isn't sure whether his leg was being pulled or not. It is fairly easy to find oneself completely beguiled by the apocryphal, almost indifferent exterior which cloaks Henry's rather highly developed sense of humor. He had everyone at Jacksonville convinced that he didn't know the names of the opposing players, of the opposing team, of the town he was in or, frequently, of even his own teammates. He once told a writer he had developed his wrists by delivering ice when he was a kid; the only job he really ever had in those days was helping a man care for people's lawns. Breaking out of a slump, he told teammates that in desperation he had called Stan Musial for advice and that Stan told him to "keep swingin', boy, just keep swingin'." Later, Musial had to laugh. "The only time I ever saw

continued on page 57

SPECTACLE

Photographed by John Bryson

WAR WHOOP FOR AN OLD BREED

The polka-dot horse prancing on these pages boasts a colorful past and a claim to a very bright future. Although he has been known by many names in many places (the Sacred Horse in Persia, the Heavenly Horse in China), his most recent appellation in the United States, where he arrived via Mexico, is Appaloosa. The Nez Percé Indians of the Pacific Northwest developed the breed, after early settlers brought it to the Western Hemisphere from Europe; the French pioneers of the area named it for the river by which they grazed, the Palouse, and "A Palouse" became a term.

Dusted with tear-shaped and round dots all over the body or blanketed with spots across the rump, the Appaloosas were not only ornamental but figured dramatically in early frontier history. They carried the Nez Percé Indians through buffalo hunts and battles until the day in 1877 when Chief Joseph led his tribe to its final defeat at the hands of the U.S. Cavalry. Later used as cow ponies on isolated ranches, their characteristic traits began to disappear, and a few decades ago there were no more than 50 pure Appaloosas left. Interested ranchers banded together and organized a club which gave birth to Appaloosa horse shows. In 1950 the breed was recognized as pure and now its numbers have increased beyond the herd of Chief Joseph's time. Next week (Aug. 16-17) at the 10th National Appaloosa Horse Show in Canby, Oregon, hundreds of descendants of the Nez Percé herd will be on hand, demonstrating by their toughness, beauty and versatility that Appaloosas will always be ridden again.

Fast and handy, Appaloosas
excel at traditional game
in which galloping riders
grab rope-ends hung above them





Past glories are commemorated by Jesse Redheart, who wears the attire inherited from his ancestor, Chief Joseph, leader of the Nez Perce Indians who developed Appaloosa



Present popularity is demonstrated during the Sunday parade of 50 horses. Mrs. Roy Marble *foreground* rides an Appaloosa mare named Muse Echo Wing



In prairie stump race, Bill Benoust of Long Beach, Calif. spins his stallion, Joker B, around barrel



Thundering down the dusty stretch, Appaloosas gallop home at end of a quarter-mile race. Tough and



speedy breed was used by Indians to run buffalo. Today's riders show off horse's stamina in sprint races

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

CHICAGO WINS

The 1959 Pan-American Games, homeless since Cleveland gave them up as too costly, found a U.S. host in Chicago. Its bid was accepted by the Games Committee 13-6 over that of Sao Paulo, Brazil. Chicago will mainly use existing facilities (Soldier Field, etc.), should be able to house athletes in local university dormitories.

BELL SURRENDERS

After hearing witnesses and congressmen criticize the National Football League for refusing to recognize its Players' Association, Commissioner Bert T. Eassey returned to the hearings of the House committee studying sport legislation and announced that the league was now willing to recognize the association and to bargain collectively with it—thus granting the players a major victory.

ONE YEAR TO GO

Briggs Cunningham, dean of the U.S. sports-car fraternity (and also an experienced yachtsman) is the latest to join the New York Yacht Club group, which is one of three organizations planning a 12-meter sloop for the defense of the America's Cup next September. A cost comparison: the British *Sceptre* will be built for \$150,000; her American rivals for some \$300,000 each.

FISH FOR IKE

President Eisenhower has never been known as a salt-water fisherman, but Newport, R.I., where he will soon spend his vacation, hopes to make a convert. George W. Lawton, the city's recreation chairman, has been scattering minced fish into waters where Ike is expected to go after bass and bluefish. This drew a protest from the state's League of Salt Water Anglers, who, Lawton countercharged, have been known to do the same thing.

INDIANA OFFSIDE

WHEN the Big Ten adopted, nearly intact, the nine rules for survival of college football proposed by Sports Illustrated and Herman Hickman (SI, Aug. 13, 1956), it was not without misgivings. The rule on recruiting (briefly, aid to an athlete must be based on need and in no case may exceed board, room, tuition and books) seemed to some Big Ten coaches a fearful handicap in their annual competition for high school players. Last week came the news that one coach had broken the code, been caught at it and sent to the showers for the whole 1957 season. He was Phil Dickens, new head coach at Indiana, fresh from the wide ranges of Wyoming just this January. Too many young Indiana prospects thought they had heard him promise \$50 a month in extra spending money.

Big Ten faculty representatives met in Chicago, reviewed the charges and the evidence and made Indiana's conference play this year conditional upon Indiana suspending Dickens for a year. Dickens was duly suspended, and his team will be guided by his chief assistant, Bob Hicks.

The penalty is the severest in the history of the Big Ten. Even so, under the rules, it might have been stiffer. The rule actually states that coaches guilty of illegal recruiting shall be discharged. Since Dickens might have been confused by the coincidence of a new job and a new set of rules, he was accorded the usual mercy shown a first offender. He will be a spectator at Indiana's games this fall; a restless one, no doubt, little given to conversation.

THE BENDIX

WASHINGTON—Captain Kenneth D. Chaudler, a 43-year-old jet ace of the Korean war, set a new Bendix air race record of 679 miles an hour today.

BIG TEN ENFORCES ITS LAW
LAMENT FOR THE OLD BENDIX
PATTERSON: MATURE TOO
AS IT LOOKED TO ROCKY
BOBBY BRAGAN'S BEAU GESTE
NEW BOOM IN OLD CROSLEYS

Captain Chaudler flew an Conquest F-102 delta-wing interceptor 620 miles from Chicago's O'Hare Field to nearby Andrews Air Force Base, Md., in 54 minutes, 45 seconds. Five other Air Force pilots also made the race.

The lines above are from the Associated Press story on last week's Bendix Trophy Race, but they would serve very well as an inscription on the tombstone of airplane racing as a sport. No more civilian can afford to compete with the military nowadays, and besides, all the old glamour is gone. It's nobody's fault, of course, but it's too bad, all the same.

One misses the wave of cocky Jimmy Doolittle's hand as he throttled up his Laird Solution for a blistering 80-mph take-off in the first Bendix Trophy Race (Burbank to Cleveland, 1931). One misses the proud and wary smile of Master Designer Ben O. Howard, climbing out of the cockpit of his Howard Racer in Cleveland in 1933, the winner at 238.704 mph in a plane he had wrought virtually by hand. One misses Roscoe Turner and Jackie Cochran; wheel pants, radial engines and negatively staggered wings; one even misses elevators and ailerons (the F-102 scorns those old-fashioned devices in favor of "elevons" on its rakish delta wing).

The race used to be to the swift and the ingenious; now it goes to the man who best balances speed against fuel consumption and arrives firstest with

quite likely the leastest fuel in his tanks. "My engine flamed out, for lack of fuel, as I taxied down the runway after the landing," said Captain Chaudler the other day.

No rain in the fare, no ice on the wings, no wire struts whining in the slip stream; no midnight landings on flare-marked wheat fields. Just helmets and slide rules and dials, and higher

and higher speeds. It's a little as if Mickey Mantle were to hit .470 with an automatic bat.

AFTER THE FIGHT

ALTHOUGH the fight last week between Floyd Patterson and Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson sometimes resembled a dark, uncomfortable dream out of Dostoevsky of a man heating a horse, the scene did provide a certain amount of enlightenment. It showed that Patterson is not only a skillful, hard-hitting champion, but a mature, compassionate young man. When he heard that Jackson had been taken to the hospital for the treatment of his injuries, Floyd said, "Which hospital?" and "Let's go." With his manager, Gus D'Amato, and his wife Sandra, he hurried to Jackson's bedside and wished him well.

The fight also demonstrated that Promoter Emil Lence, sardonic predictions to the contrary, could run an orderly show. It was marred by only two flaps. The first was a "fight's off" flash that went out over the air seven hours before ringtime, blaming bad weather—followed a quarter of an hour later by a "fight's-on-after-all" dispatch that never entirely caught up with the erroneous first report. Promoter Lence and NBC are still in diplomatic disagreement as to how the first flash came about—though Lence admits he told the network he might have to postpone the show till the following night. In any event, Commissioner Helfand, who, under the law, has to approve a postponement, quickly set almost everybody straight: no postponement.

The other incident occurred on the televised program. A Buick commercial went on immediately after Referee Rahy Goldstein stopped the bout, so that the viewers missed the official decision. In a refreshing apology, Vice-president Edward T. Ragsdale of General Motors said: "As a fight fan myself, I was incensed at the inept handling and bad timing... I feel that a public apology is in order."



THE SPECTATOR

ROCKY MARCIANO got to see the Floyd Patterson-Hurricane Jackson fight on television in Maywood Park, Ill. He was serving as master of ceremonies for an outdoor Italian festi-

val; the TV set had been brought to a platform behind the open-air stage. Rocky hunched forward on a folding chair, the screen only a foot or so from his face. When the bell rang for Round One, he clenched his fists and stared ahead. As Patterson knocked Jackson down, there was a yell from the 20 or so onlookers gathered behind Marciano. Someone asked what he thought. "Patterson landed some good punches," he answered softly. "To me, it's very interesting. It's very interesting to me."

In Round Three the set went out of focus. Bill Corum's voice came through, but the picture did not. "Fix it, fix it," the onlookers screamed, and finally someone did. Rocky watched quietly as Patterson stalked his victim. A photographer, leaning around the TV set, ordered, "Rock, make a motion with your fist." Rocky did so. "Rock, close your eyes tight." Rocky refused. "I want to watch the fight," he protested. At the end of the round, though, Rocky closed his eyes, and the photographer got his picture.

"Looks like Patterson is having it pretty easy," said Rocky at the end of Round Four. Would the fight go the distance, someone wanted to know. "Doesn't look it," said Rocky.

"Set up a left and throw it," said the photographer in Round Five. Rocky threw a left without taking his eyes from the screen. "See," said the photographer to an associate, "just tell him what to do."

At the end of the sixth, Patterson hit Jackson hard. "Wow!" said Rocky, and went off to his dressing room in a trailer to sign autographs. He came running back to catch the start of the seventh.

"It seems like almost one punch will do the trick," he said in Round Eight. "Just one more punch." In the next round he turned to answer a question just as Jackson went down. "What was that—a good right?" he asked, and someone answered "yeah." When the referee stopped the fight in the tenth, Marciano was asked whether the referee had done the right thing. "I don't know," said Rocky. "You gotta be there in person. Television fools you." He returned to the dressing room to get ready for his appearance on the stage.

"Who else is around, Rocky?" one of the bystanders wanted to know.

"There is no one else around," he answered.

"How about you, Rocky?"

"Retired permanently, thank you," said Marciano.

HE WAS THERE

A BRASS BAND slammed into four-quarter time at Roosevelt Raceway's celebrity-flecked opening last week. In the middle of the track New York's graying governor, Averell Harriman, hoisted his arms, knotted his hands over his head and marched, in diplomatic time, toward the outer rail. As the band thump-thumped, voices sang, "H-A-double-R-I-M-A-N-spells Harriman?" From the rooftop, seven stories above, a spotlight wreathed him in yellow.

On the bottom floor grandstand level a balding, red-faced man aimed his beer cup heavenward and lent a rusty baritone to the singing: "H-A-double-R-I-G-A-N-spells Harrigan!" After two choruses the singing stopped, and the band started its march away. But the little man continued, "Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me..." A woman pivoted and demanded, "What are you still singing for?"

"Because I'm Harrigan."

The governor walked through a steel gate amid a knot of protecting policemen, thrusting handshakes, as if in deliverance. Harrigan was swept away with a wave of bettors to the mutual windows, still singing, his notes like cymbals.



THE ORANGEMAN

THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES fired their droll and hot-tempered manager, Bobby Bragan, early one morning last week; this was a setback in the Bragan career and deprived him of his salary (\$25,000 a year) as getting fired always does, but in the larger or artistic sense it was exactly the thing to do. There was really nothing left for him to achieve with Pittsburgh (except that unlikely goal, the pennant), for the day before, at Milwaukee, he had reached such heights as an actor that all he could have done henceforth as a manager must have been anticlimax. Bragan, a man of hilarious ingenuity, simultaneously punctured the dignity of four umpires with no more equipment than a container of orange juice and two straws.

In considering this dramatic achievement—certainly one of the most memorable in the long history of irascible pantomime on the baseball field—it

continued



"Do you want to be kicked out of Yellowstone?"

must be noted that Bragan, a Georgianna ex-caterer, is a young manager of considerable talent. He has long been a protégé of Branch Rickey and has won minor league pennants at Fort Worth and Hollywood. He began his major league managerial career in a burst of glory—the lowly Pirates led the league for a giddy nine days last year. But this year, while the Pirates have been thudding along at cellar level, Bragan has nursed a smoldering conviction that Pittsburgh is suffering not only from lamentable ball playing but also from lamentable umpiring—especially on the part of Frank Dascoli, Frank Secory, Stan Landes and Bill Baker, who work and travel as an umpire team. When Bragan's best pitcher was thumped out of a game in Milwaukee Wednesday night, Bragan protested to the league president, Warren Giles, succinctly accusing the four umpires of collective "ego and hullheadedness." Next night, as may be imagined, Bragan found himself under alert, and perhaps somewhat baleful, umpirical scrutiny.

Soon enough, they had something to watch. In the fourth inning came a call from Umpire Landes ruling a Milwaukee base runner safe. In the Pittsburgh dugout Bragan dramatically held his nose a gesture not lost on Landes, who instantly thumbed Bobby out of the game.

Bragan climbed out of the dugout, face as innocent as a choirboy's, and pointed to his own chest, as though to say, "Who? Li'l ole me?" Smiling serenely, he sauntered slowly toward second where Landes was standing, black-browed as a bank guard in a W. C. Fields movie. "Listen, Stan," Bragan said companionably, "I want to talk this whole thing over with you, but first I want a drink." He turned and strolled slowly back to the dugout, where Coach Danny Murtaugh handed him a cardboard container of orange juice and two straws.

Sipping dreamily, he strolled once more out across the playing field. Previous seconds ticked away before the umpires seemed to realize that they were facing anarchy; managers who are thrown out of games do not stroll back sipping orange juice. ("I never saw anything like it in my life," Umpire Dascoli told Warren Giles in a long-distance call. "I didn't know what to do.") But as the crowd bellowed their delight at the innovation, the four umpires imploded on Bragan.

"Get off the field," cried Dascoli, arms waving skyward, "or I'll forfeit the game."

"Now listen, Frank," said Bragan with hideous sweetness, "settle down. You want a sip of my soda?" Bragan tilted his container and straws invitingly toward Dascoli. The manager turned toward Secory: "You want a little sip, Frank?" Secory declined with a "Hell, no!" Bragan thrust his face closer to Secory's arse. "Maybe it would be better if I threw it in your face, huh?" he suggested softly. "I dare you," cried Secory. Bragan merely smiled and offered sips to Umpires Landes and Baker. Rejected, he stood for a few moments in a pantomime of self-pity and then slowly—ever so slowly—he retraced his steps, sipping, to the dugout and then to the locker room.

He paid, later—although not very much. Pittsburgh officials denied that the incident had anything to do with his being fired. This seemed reasonable enough: Pittsburgh, after all, was in seventh, and Bragan has had definite and strongly expressed differences of opinion with the Pirate management. He was fined \$100 by the National League, and President Giles sent him a huffy telegram: "It is not in your nature to take the game . . . seriously. We and others consider it a serious business and to be conducted as such."

This was just and proper—league presidents are expected to send huffy telegrams—but not quite correct. Baseball may be serious business but it is also drama and legend (did not Casey Stengel once stand before a Brooklyn crowd, remove his cap and release a sparrow?). It is hard not to honor impassioned advocates, particularly ingenious ones, even if they do embarrass the constituted authorities. London cops detested the suffragettes for

one of the very reasons (and Bragan might take note) that history remembers them: for chaining and padlocking themselves to the iron fences of Parliament and Buckingham Palace, thereby scandalizing all properly serious men.

FAIRWAYS AT 40 MPH

ON THE FAIRWAYS of the Alvin (Texas) Country Club near Houston, the little Crosley automobile, which has never been much more than a modest pumpkin on the highways, has blossomed into a golden coach. Stripped down, painted up and tricked out with canopies and golf-bag racks, Crosleys make rakish and lively golf carts. They will carry four players, get up to 40 miles per hour if called on, climb hills easily and do 60 holes to the gallon.

The club now has 16 of them, all fashioned in his spare time by Eldon Brockman, the 53-year-old owner of an aircraft maintenance and storage business. Brockman built the first one for himself, and nearly all the others in answer to clamorous demands from other club members. Crosleys have become marks of prestige; it is almost better to go over the Alvin course in a Crosley nowadays than to arrive at the club in a Cadillac. "If you own one," says Brockman, "you can get a game with the best players at the club." The demand has made second-hand Crosleys scarce in the Houston area and has driven their price up from \$75 to as much as \$250.

Most people keep their Crosleys in the clubhouse garage, but there are a few who use them not only on the fairway, but on the highway between home and the club. One member built a special trailer and hooked it to the family car. Now, when he drives off for a golf date away from home, he takes not only his clubs but his Crosley too.



IN SUMMER'S AMBER

Thickened with light, the spaces of summer hold sound like the sea.
A playing-field shout outlives the play;
an outboard motor is put up, its drone preserved,
as it were, in summer's amber.
Only at night are the sounds quick and falling:
the water breaking each time the jumping fish falls;
in the white barns, horses stamping
in their dreams' dark furlongs;
grooms sitting out under the eaves
in canvas chairs, on tack boxes,
telling lies.

—GILBERT ROSEN

29 MILES EAST OF 'THE STORK'



NEW YORK's baseball moguls (at least in the National League) seem convinced that the town has no future; its Thoroughbred racing executives are still thrashing through costly difficulties in an attempt to bring the city a modern "dream track." But no such doubts and difficulties seem to afflict harness racing. Last week the harness set moved into the new \$18 million Roosevelt Raceway—the first new track for New Yorkers in half a century. Located on Long Island, 29 miles from Times Square (and from such other nighttime institutions as "21" and the Stork Club), the new track is dedicated to the proposition that the New Yorker and his lady will willingly cover a distance of ground to spend a sporting evening in an atmosphere of nightclub comfort. In addition to such essentials as an illuminated half-mile track, grandstand and clubhouse accommodating 50,000 and 440 betting windows, the Raceway offers four restaurants, 13 bars and a triple-decked lounge known as the Cloud Casino.

On opening night the Raceway drew a crowd of 35,000, including a goodly representation of state and national celebrities (right). The Raceway was delighted to have the celebrities, possibly even more so to have a full house of plain old-fashioned harness racing fans. ("You should see the lines at the betting windows," one Cloud Casino visitor told his partner. "The dungaree set has taken over.") With ample parking for 14,000 cars, Roosevelt was easily outdrawing nearby Belmont Park. As if planned, the winner of the feature race on opening night was a horse called Razzle Dazzle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN F. ZEMMECHEN

WHIRLING around clubhouse turn, pursers follow canopy of light into backstretch.



BEAMING New York Governor Averell Harriman watches Mrs. Robert Lehman as she intently studies program in Cloud Casino. Harriman later presented trophy to winner of the opening feature.



CONCENTRATING Songstress Kileen Barton, flanked Vic Jarnal scan entries over drinks in third tier of Cloud Casino.



CIGAR-LIGHTING General David Sarnoff of Radio Corporation of America was one of first-night celebrities watching races.



THE PRECIPITOUS COL DU TELEGRAPHE, IN THE FRENCH ALPS BETWEEN THONON AND BRIANCON, FORCES MANY OF THE CYCLISTS TO

WHEELING THROUGH OUTSKIRTS OF METZ IN BLAZING HEAT WHICH AFFLICTED A MAJOR PART OF THE TOUR, THE TOURISTS RECEIVE



FRANCE AT 100°



OSMOUNT AND RUSH THEIR MACHINES TO THE TOP ON FOOT

A HOSING DOWN FROM STOLID BUT COMPASSIONATE FIREMAN



VETERAN BOBET HELPS ANQUETIL INTO LEADER'S YELLOW SHIRT

The Tour de France, a 2,800-mile bicycle race which runs its brutal but glorious course for 24 days, providing all France with the extravagance and flaunt drama it has loved since Bonaparte, began this year under a fierce June sun which turned its route into a fillet of melting tar. On the third day, "The Angel of the Mountains," favored Charly Gaul of Luxembourg, fell off his machine, sick from the 100° heat. "The Angel's wings fluttered so pitifully," mourned a French newspaper. A week later the heat got to another favorite, Spain's Federico Bahmontes. A teammate begged him to go on. "For your wife," he implored. "No," said Bahmontes. "For Spain." "No," said Bahmontes. "For Franco." "No," said Bahmontes, mounting an ambulance. Along with drama of this order there was the extravagance, reflected in a list of food consumed by the average Tourist. Among the comestibles were 440 prunes, 10 pounds of jam and 15 liters of wine. On the 21st day, the remaining 58 cyclists (out of 120 starters) rode finally toward the Paris finish, "united in their lassitude, having endured their private hell as valiant athletes." The winner: 29-year-old Jacques Anquetil of France (*above*).



Illustration by Walter Ruggins

A FIGHTING FISH for the SALTON SEA

by JOHN O'REILLY

After 28 years a calculated gamble is about to pay off for southern California sportsmen

DOWN AT the Salton Sea, a strange body of water lying in the bottom of a vast depression in the southern California desert, the state's Department of Fish and Game has gambled some race-track money on a scientific project which shows every promise of turning that great, saline slough into a new game-fishing center. After 28 years of trying they have found a game fish, the orangemouth corvina, which has become adapted to the severe conditions of this shallow lake, which is 235 feet below sea level.

Biologists of the University of California who have been working on the project for three and a half years have come out with a firm prediction, a thing biologists seldom do. They announce that by next winter or early spring there will be good sport fishing in this 340-square-mile body of salt water. They know the corvina are there, they know that millions of fry

are now growing rapidly and they can't see anything ahead that will prevent a fishing boom in the Salton Sea.

It is safe to add that when these predictions are translated into good catches of fighting corvina, fishermen in large numbers will migrate toward the Salton Sea. Southern California fishermen already have proved that they will move like the hordes of Genghis Khan the moment they get wind of fish. An example of just how fish-hungry they are took place last April at Crowley Lake, 40 miles north of Bishop, where 10,034 fishermen swarmed out onto the lake in 3,178 boats and took out 18½ tons of trout on opening day. Under such fishing pressure as this, it is small wonder that the Department of Fish and Game has gambled on the Salton Sea.


The fact that race-track money has been used to develop the predicted fishing boom doesn't mean that the

members of the Department of Fish and Game have been playing the horses. They have a better deal than that; a sure thing, in fact. In California some of the tax money from horse racing goes to the Department of Fish and Game for "capital improvements." In 1953, California's Wildlife Conservation Board authorized an expenditure of \$86,000 of this money for a three-year study of the Salton Sea with the hope of getting game fish established there. Dr. Boyd W. Walker of UCLA was appointed director of the program, and the Salton Sea Project advisory committee, composed of biologists of the Department of Fish and Game, was appointed to assist in the planning.

It was a scientific gamble. If the biological studies provided the fish for sport fishing, it would constitute capital improvement. If they failed, the

continued

Best thing ever happened to filter smoking!



The fresh taste
of fine tobacco
in a filter cigarette!

Here's the
TIP-OFF on
filter smoking!

(In a cigarette
it's still the tobacco
that counts! So make this
test of the tobacco in your
filter tip cigarette.)



Tip it out with filter tip from a
Hit Parade light tip cigarette
and notice its fine tobacco taste!



Then try this same tip off test on
any other filter cigarette. You'll
taste the difference!

Hit Parade
cigarettes
win the
TIP-OFF
TEST
every time!

© A. T. Co.



Tobacco is our middle name. *The American Tobacco Company*



The long and short of Summer Coolers!

How do you like your coolers? Ice-cold, of course, and light, tangy, delicious! That means: with Cinzano! The *long* "Cinzano Half 'n Half" is made of equal parts of mellow Cinzano Italian Vermouth and Cinzano French Extra-dry Vermouth—both imported and peerless. Try them separately the *short* way, "Cinzano on the Rocks." And Cinzano is so wonderful, so fine in flavor that you owe it to your own good taste to try it with ginger ale, soda or tonic. Just be sure it's *Cinzano*, the name that means vermouth!



1757
CINZANO
1957

Sole Importer, Cinzano, Inc., New York City

THE SALTON SEA

continued

conservation board could be accused of using the money for basic research instead of capital improvement.

The orangemouth corvina (*Scorpaenopsis diabolus*), the payoff fish, has long been considered a prime game fish among anglers visiting the Gulf of California, whence it was brought to the Salton Sea. A relative of the California white sea bass, it is silvery in color and is an excellent eating fish.

"It has everything necessary for a game fish," Dr. Walker said. "It takes both bait and lures and is a good fighter. It doesn't jump but it makes good runs and it is fast. It's a beautiful fish, and some man is going to have the thrill of making the first big catch."

The biologists already have received reports of some corvina being caught by fishermen. Richard Eason of Westmorland, Calif. has caught a couple while fishing from the shore and using shrimp as bait. One seven-pounder was caught on a bass plug. But a seven-pounder is small compared to some that are in the Sea. Corvina attain a weight of 30 pounds, and their early growth is phenomenal. Some corvina seemed from the Sea by the scientists, who could tell their age by studying the scales, show that they weigh about three pounds when one year old, around six pounds at 2 years, and when 3 years old they run 12 to 16 pounds. One specimen was a 3-year-old corvina weighing almost 17 pounds.

Irrigation in the desert

From the viewpoint of sport fishermen, the Salton Sea has been an aggravation for more than a quarter of a century. There it has been—an enticing body of blue water with desert on both sides of it but with no fish worth catching. To the south lies Imperial Valley, once a howling desert but now, thanks to irrigation from the Colorado River, a fabulous producer of winter vegetables. To the north lies the Coachella Valley, where date palms, grapes and other crops are also nurtured by Colorado River water.

To many, especially the Department of Fish and Game, the large, sparkling but fishless expanse of blue water all seemed wrong. As a matter of fact, the very existence of the Sea was due to a mistake. Early in this century water already was being taken from the Colorado River to irrigate desert lands. In 1905, the floodgates were clogged with silt and stuck. To get their water, the farmers cut an opening in the river

bank, intending to close it up again before the floods came. But a big and early flood swept down the river, tore through the opening, and they could not get it closed again. Their irrigation ditch became a mile wide, and the Colorado flowed northwest into the great hole in the desert for two years. The Southern Pacific railroad, whose tracks had been inundated, finally got it stopped, but the result was the Salton Sea.

Efforts of the Department of Fish and Game to get some sort of sport fish established there began in 1929 when striped bass were transplanted from the San Joaquin River. That was the last ever seen of them. In 1930 more striped bass were brought from San Francisco Bay. That was the last seen of them. Fileworms and salt-water mudcrabs brought in from San Diego Bay thrived in the Sea, but desirable fish had no such luck. In 1934, 15,000 silver salmon fingerlings were planted, but none were ever seen again. The same applied to anchovies and anchovies brought from Mexico.

By 1950 biologists of the Department of Fish and Game had decided that such selective introductions were taking too long, so they switched to what they call the "shotgun" type of planting: taking every desirable species they could get out of the Gulf of California and dumping them into the Salton Sea. Under this program the first orangemouth corvina and the first gulf croakers were transplanted in 1950. Other species transplanted by the shotgun method included pompano, halibut, white and silver perch, bonefish, smelt, pex del rey, mojarra, grunion, sardine and totuava. Few of them were ever seen again.

In 1951 sargo were tried. Sometimes called china croaker or blue bass, they are also from the Gulf of California. By this time the department had transplanted some 34,000 fish of 35 different species from the Gulf of California, but in 1952 department biologists reported that of all those species only the gulf croaker and the corvina were known to have survived. Shortfin corvina also had been introduced, but since then it has been determined that they have not done as well as the orangemouth corvina.

It was this dismal knowledge that led to the establishment of the Salton Sea Project. Dr. Walker and his group of research biologists got under way in February 1954, launching into studies of numerous aspects of this contrary Sea. Appropriately enough, they established their headquarters and labora-

tory at Fish Springs, a resort on the west side of the Sea.

Dr. Lars H. Carpelan was in charge of work on the physical and chemical characteristics of the Sea as well as studies of the invertebrates and plants. Jay Quast did work on food chains. Dr. Richard R. Whitney, from Iowa State University, was put to work full time on the fishes, and Richard H. Lindsey studied the marine worm, which abounds in the Sea and which is the most important link in the food chain. He also studied the barnacles, which are there in millions.

An odd body

The scientists soon realized they were working with one of the oddest bodies of water in the country, a huge desert lake that was always changing. The level had dropped after the original flooding from the Colorado but then, with increased irrigation to the south and north, the Sea began to rise again. This was caused by the farmers who used large amounts of water to leach out the salt which built up in the soil. The excess water containing the salt runs into the Sea. Since 1948 the level of the sea has risen about five feet. For a time it was thought that it would continue to rise, but irrigation engineers now believe that the level is just about stabilized through revised methods of water usage.

Contrary to widespread belief, they found that the Salton Sea is not extremely briny. At present its salinity is just about the same as that of ocean water, although it contains a different arrangement of salts. If irrigation continues at the present rate, however, and the sea level becomes stabilized, the rate of salinity will increase steadily. The scientists estimate that if this rate continues the Sea will provide up to 25 years of fishing before it becomes too salty to support fish life. They point out, however, that many things could happen which might shorten or lengthen the productive life of the Sea.

They found, too, that the water temperature ranges from 50° to almost 100°. Because the sea is so shallow, the deepest parts being only 40 feet, the bottom temperatures are only a few degrees cooler than those at the surface. The great temperature variation, along with other factors, explained why most imported species died off.

One of the first objectives of the scientists was to find out which, if any, of the introduced species had been successful in spawning. Using gill nets, they fished a whole year, but for

continued

THE SALTON SEA

rust and

their efforts they got only four corvina.

"But we knew they had spawned in 1953," he said. "The next year we had a problem getting corvina and put in only 118. But by the next year we had learned how and where to fish for them in the Gulf of California and we transplanted about 1,500."

Although they were netting but few corvina, such was not the case with the gulf croakers. Only 67 of these little fish had been put into the Sea, but within a few years they had increased to millions. They are not satisfactory as a pan fish, but they proved a fine food fish for the carnivorous corvina.

Lansley's worm studies proved how important this marine invertebrate was to the success of their project. These worms, from one to three inches long when full grown, spend most of their lives in the mud at the bottom, where they feed on detritus. Upon becoming adult they swim to the surface at night to spawn. This is the time when the croakers and young corvina find easy pickings. The larger corvina feed on the croakers, and the food chain will be completed when fishermen begin catching and eating the corvina.

Such a food chain seems simple after it has been worked out, but to establish it meant a lot of work. There were other fish in the Sea—a threadfin shad, mullet and several very small species—and the role of each one in the ecology of the Sea had to be determined. In time, the biologists' monthly seining at points around the Sea began to turn up more and larger corvina. They soon established that successful spawnings had resulted in far more fish than they could possibly transplant, so they recommended that no more corvina be imported. This was important to the project, as the catching and transportation of large numbers of these fish were costly.

Fin-clipped survey

The majority of the corvina introduced had been fin-clipped, as an aid to determining subsequent populations. Seining samples and elaborate calculations taken last spring indicate that there were up to 100,000 adult corvina in the Sea. A more recent survey resulted in an estimate of perhaps a million corvina. This is not a superabundance for such a large body of water, but the millions of fry from these fish give promise of the good fishing to come.

Dr. Whitney found that year-long

residence at the Salton Sea was almost as tough on human beings as it had been for most of the transplanted fish. There are times during the year when the weather is nice, but he found the summers almost unbearable.

"It's the closest thing to impossible I've ever seen," he said, as he sat in his office with his back to shelves laden with pickled fish. "It gets up to 129°, although it is a little cooler right by the Sea, say about 110°. In the spring the wind can come up any time and cause a sandstorm. These sandstorms last a couple of days, at most, although they usually die down within the same day. But it is cool and nice in the spring if you don't have a sandstorm."

He said that the best time of year there was the fall and winter, October through February. During that period there are many days when the weather is glorious: not too hot, the air clear and the water sparkling.

It is on such weekends that the Salton Sea becomes alive with boats and water skiers. Thousands come to the Sea in their cars, hauling their boats on trailers. At Fish Springs alone there have been as many as 300 separate

boat launchings on a single weekend.

As the visitors drive along the shore, they can look off to the hills in the background and see the clearly defined line which marks the boundary of the ancient lake that once filled this great hole. In prehistoric times the Colorado River turned northwest of its own accord and created a lake which was 105 miles long, 15 miles wide and over 300 feet deep. Many scientists, including Dr. Carl L. Hubbs, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, Calif., have studied the region, and some believe that the basin was filled by the Colorado on a number of occasions in the distant past. Dr. Hubbs said that there was evidence that at one time some 100,000 Indians lived around this great lake. They apparently were great fishermen, and the remains of their habitations indicate that they lived largely on fish. If predictions prove correct, the shores will soon again be alive with fishermen.

Fishermen planning to cash in on the fish parlay should first make inquiries about weather conditions, accommodations and, of course, whether the corvina are striking. At present,



FLANKED BY DESERT, the Salton Sea is still largely undeveloped as a resort. Nearest motels are at Brawley and Indio, 15 and 18 miles away. Campsites are provided at Salton Sea State Park and, for the plush traveler, there is Palm Springs, about 40 miles away.

facilities right at the Sea are not adequate to house large numbers of visitors. There are three resorts on the west side of the Sea and one on the east side but, if accommodations are not available there, motels can be found in cities not far away (see map).

On the eastern shore there is the Salton Sea State Park, which has camping facilities. There are 25 campsites, with ramadas for shade, gas cooking plates and food cabinets. Mecca Beach State Park, now being established just south of the Salton Sea State Park to handle the expected increase in visitors, will extend state park frontage on the Sea to approximately 18 miles. Small boats may be launched over packed sand beaches at various points. Where the sand has not been packed, cars are apt to get stuck.

To start out, the Department of Fish and Game has established a limit of six corvina per day. If the expected number of fish materializes, this may be relaxed, although six good-sized corvina would provide plenty of sport. A California fresh-water angling license is required to fish in the Salton Sea. The cost is \$3 for a resident license and \$10 for a nonresident license, and there is a special nonresident license for 10 days costing \$3.

Rockhounds and bird watchers

Good fishing appears to be assured, but even if early visitors this winter don't latch on to any of those big corvina their trip to the Salton Sea will be well worthwhile. Rockhounds find good pickings in the surrounding hills; bird watchers will find, among other things, one of the greatest inland concentrations of shore birds in the country. At the proper season there are between 100,000 and 200,000 of them. Down near the southern end there is the Salton Sea National Wildlife Refuge, where crops are raised on 4,600 acres for the 60,000 wintering waterfowl. There is also a state game management area of 7,000 acres, where some hunting is permitted.

Down near the southwestern corner of the lake, there are some water areas where visitors are prohibited by the Atomic Energy Commission because dummy bombs are dropped. But don't worry—this area is marked.

To the scientists who have been working on the Salton Sea Project, the great day is due to come some time this winter when the first fishermen begin snagging those silvery corvina. The big gamble will have paid off—and on homeplayers' dough. Keep your fingers crossed.

E H O

*All set...come hill
or high water!* 



IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO CARE FOR YOUR CAR
AND IN CANADA AT DEALERS



NUMBER FROM CROSS CROSS NO. 4114. FRONT NO. 1. 100. CITY. 100.



BUGS BITE

Stop 'em with "6-12" Insect Repellent

- in the handy stick, 59¢
- streamlined bottle, 59¢
- easy to use aerosol spray, \$1.39



**WORLD'S BEST...
BY ANY TEST**



Unequaled in optical performance, American-made B&L binoculars maintain their perfection for decades. Pictured above is the 7x, 35 mm model at \$192.50, fed. tax incl. Only \$19.50 down...\$10.38 per mo. on B&L Time Payment Plan. Write for name of dealer near you.



An eminent entomologist and a brilliant color camera combine for a rare look at a fascinating and unusual sport

by JOHN C. PALLISTER

Beauty on the Wing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY BRANDE
AND PHIL SCHULTZ

John C. Pallister, lifelong student of insects, is internationally known as a lecturer and writer in the field. A research associate at the American Museum of Natural History, he has himself collected more than 100,000 lepidoptera.

THE JEWEL-LIKE CREATIONS pictured so vividly on the opposite and following pages are trophies in one of the most fascinating of all hunting sports. It is also one of the most misunderstood. Traditionally, the butterfly hunter is lampooned as a wild figure chasing his prey across open fields, his net brandished aloft and bottles, boxes and bags swinging in all directions from his person. But this is a caricature of reality. Seldom does a hunter beyond the age of 10 resort to such abandonment, for anyone who goes abroad in search of the curious and lovely creatures of the insect world knows that he must keep his wits about him if he is to succeed.

Many butterflies, for instance, can quite easily outdistance a running man. Guile and strategy are therefore essential, and speed at the proper moment—the speed and coordination of a fine tennis player. The skill of a hunter is taxed to its extreme in capturing a Morpho butterfly. On the instant that the net swings on one of these iridescent blue beauties, the Morpho seems to vanish. Whether it ducked under, whether it rose skyward, whether it turned back on the trail—the hunter may never know; all he does know is that his net is empty.

Insect hunters are for the most part unlicensed, although a few tropical countries are now trying to prevent the extinction of their larger and more beautiful species by various laws and regulations. Hence it is impossible to judge the number of persons who pursue this sport. But they can be sorted into several categories. There is the professional collector interested in the commercial possibilities of his catch. Then there is the scientific collector,

often on the entomological staff of a museum or university, who is likely to spend six weeks to a year collecting specimens of every insect species he can find. The private collector is usually interested in only one group of insects, a particular family of butterflies or of beetles or, as in the case of the late Baron Rothschild, of fleas. Finally, there is the amateur collector, the boy or girl with a collecting instinct, an interest in the insect world and a little opportunity. Sometimes these amateurs continue their interest after they have grown up and, without the expenditure of much time or money, provide themselves with a lifelong and continuously engrossing hobby.

The cost of insect collecting, outside of travel to distant countries, can be very low indeed. A net, a wire ring to hold it and a handle with which to swing it can be purchased quite cheaply from any entomological supply house. With a killing jar, a few boxes, paper for holding captures, a hand lens and a few other odds and ends, the hunter is ready for the chase.

But the net is not the hunter's only weapon. Some use a .22 caliber revolver with bird-shot cartridges to bring down large speedy dragonflies, Morphos and other difficult insects. Bird shot, however, is almost certain to damage the wings. I have found that if I replaced the bullets with fine sand I could so confuse the insect that I could then run up and sweep it into my net.

Perhaps the greatest thrill is hunting insects at night. The best place is an open wooded area; the best weather, warm and muggy. Either or both of two collecting methods can be used. Set out a light and let the insects come to you, or go into the woods sugaring for them. A thick mixture of brown sugar, molasses and stale beer is the bait, applied by day in attractive spots. After dark, armed with flashlight and net, the hunter makes his rounds. Surprises are sure to await him—surprises and rewards.



LOLA GIANT SILKWORM MOTH

The Lola comes from the hills of northern India. It flies at night but is attracted to bright lights. This moth, oddly enough, has no mouth parts, having stored enough food when it was a caterpillar to last through its hazardous one month of adult life.



PANTHERODES PARDALARIA

This Geometrid moth has no common name. It is at home in the mountains of Central and South America but hovers near ground cover.



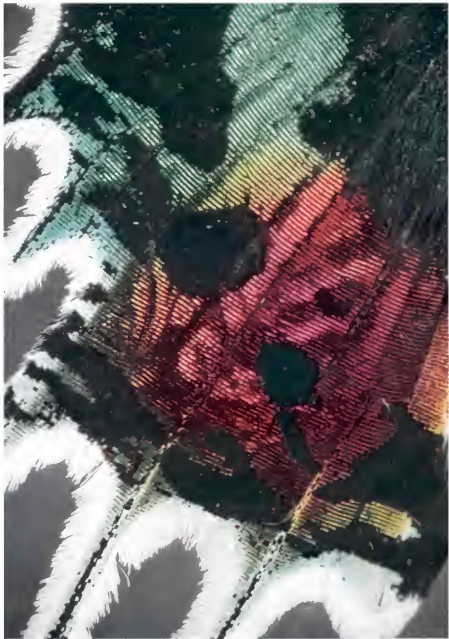
BROOKIANA BIRDBWING BUTTERFLY

In the Brookiana, a native of Malaya and Borneo, the males are more brightly colored than the females. Some professional collectors build high platforms over jungle trails and with long-handled nets are able to take a few of these strong-flying butterfly.



LIDWINA FIGURE-8 BUTTERFLY

The name comes from circles that sometimes resemble an 8 on the underside of each rear wing. The Lidwina flies in Peruvian valleys.



UNDER THE GLASS

The butterfly or moth collector gets only a partial return on his efforts if he fails to examine his specimens under a medium power lens. The wings and body are covered with tiny scales, each a little jewel fastened to the wing by a slender stalk, side by side, in generally regular rows. Each row overlaps the row below—row upon row like shingles on a roof. Along the edges of the wings the scales are sometimes elongated to form a fringe. It is the scales that characterize the butterflies and moths as the scientific order Lepidoptera, a Greek word meaning scale-winged. It is also these scales that form the pattern and supply the color to the wings. Handle a butterfly with your fingers and the scales will be rubbed as a colored powder on your hands. The wings will then be left nearly colorless or only an opaque gray or brown membrane. On a few butterflies or moths, such as the *Uranidae*, that shine with iridescent blues, purples and greens (*opposite*), there is little pigmental coloring. Instead, one sees the blue, purple and green light waves flashed from microscopic striations on the little scales that refract the light beam into its component color waves. Butterflies may be distinguished from moths by the knobbed tips of the antennae and the fact that they fly in the daytime. Moths have antennae that either taper to a slender tip or are feathery or fern-like in shape. Moths generally are night fliers, but a few fly in the daytime. These usually are more brightly colored than night moths and are frequently taken for their allies—the day-flying butterflies.



CHRYSIRIDIA RIPHEUS (Above and left)

Found only in Madagascar, this moth is marvelously colorful, as the opposite page indicates. A section of the rear wings has been enlarged 11 times to show the varied color refractions from the moth's striated scales and fringed edge.



CATAGRAMMA CYNOSURA

Found in the jungles of the upper Amazon, the *Cynosura* butterfly is red and black in flight when seen from above, but has yellowish underwings.



REGAL HAIRSTREAK

It seems literally a blue-green streak as it darts through the jungles of tropical America but, underneath, the hairstreak, too, is camouflaged.

WINGED BEAUTIES

continued

IMPERIAL SWALLOWTAIL

*At home in the Himalayan foothills, the fast-flying imperial is not truly a swallowtail but belongs to a related genus, *Triacopala*. Below: a 7.5 centimeter snail of part of a rear wing shows off its pycnometal coloring.*





At Huntington, L. — the Cine-Kodak K-100 Turret Camera with full complement of lenses

New Kodak turret camera designed for the creative movie-maker

No two creative photographers ever film the same event in exactly the same way.

Whether shooting the horse show at Huntington, divers at Acapulco, or a Thames regatta—anything, anywhere—each decides for himself which shots and effects to use, and how long any given sequence should run.

His camera, of course, must be able to carry out his decisions smoothly and effortlessly.

For this reason, many creative movie-makers are turning to the new Cine-Kodak K-100 Turret Camera. It does whatever it is told. And it does it superbly well.

This magnificent instrument accommodates any three

of the great Kodak Cine Elcan Lenses. Matching viewfinders frame each scene instantly, automatically.

It runs 40 feet of film with one winding, adapts to make multiple exposures, fades, dissolves.

And the quality of the 16mm movies it takes allows them to be shown big—in an auditorium or at home.

The Cine-Kodak K-100 Turret Camera is priced from \$337 with one lens, or as little as \$14 down Telephoto and wide-angle lenses are extra.

Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration, or write Kodak, Dept. 6, for illustrated brochure. (Price is list and is subject to change without notice.)

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY. . . Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak
TRADEMARK



PREVIEW

BATTLE FOR



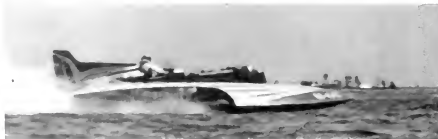
CHAMPION EMERITUS Lou Fegol retired after boat back-flipped in 1953, is

still one of hydroplaning's keenest analysts and informal coach for new drivers.

THE BIGGEST single-arena sporting event in the world is the Gold Cup Race for unlimited hydroplanes at Seattle. This weekend, August 10 and 11, half a million people will be massed around Lake Washington, where the race is held, crowding around the mechanics' pits ashore, lining the famous floating bridge north of the course, jamming hundreds of boats moored gunwale to gunwale in every available inch of space, dotting the shoreline and the hillsides for miles around. What they will see will remain forever unforgettable to them: the world's largest and fastest racing boats—such as the two shown above: Seattle's *Thriftyway Too* (top) and *Miles Thriftway*—skittering down the straightaways at better than 100 mph, careening through turns on a few square inches of hull that give them precarious hold on the water, all but airborne under the roaring pressure of fighter plane engines driving their propellers so fast that tons of water are spun 500 feet behind in giant rooster



THE GOLD CUP



On Seattle's Lake Washington, the rooster-tailing hydros put on a roaring show for half a million ardent fans

by MORT LUND

tails of spray. In all the world of sports, there is no sight that can quite compare with it.

To fully understand and appreciate what will be happening this weekend at Seattle, it is worth going back three weeks to a previous race for unlimited hydroplanes: the Mapes Cup race at Lake Tahoe. There, in the prism-clear water trapped 6,000 feet up in a ring of mountains at the California-Nevada border, some major actors in Seattle's coming drama thundered through their heats before the blue backdrop of the Sierras, giving spectators a thorough opportunity to study their performance and assess their chances in the climactic race to come.

Of all the people who watched the race at Lake Tahoe, none studied the roaring, rooster-tailing craft with a more expert eye than an unassuming, quiet-voiced man who stood through-

out on the official barge. Lou Fageol had come all the way from Kent, Ohio to see the big boats do their stuff, and with more reason than the average fan. Until two years ago, Fageol himself was at the wheel of one of the best and fastest of the unlimiteds, and he was among the very best and fastest drivers of them all.

Five feet 8 inches tall, weighing 150 pounds, Fageol hardly seems a likely fellow for the job of porkeying an unlimited through a standard 30-mile heat. Just take a quick look at the records, however, and you'll find, along with an impressive list of Fageol victories, an entry reading: Fastest Gold Cup Lap, 108.663 mph; driver, Lou Fageol; boat, *Sfo-Mo-Shan V*; owner, Stanley Sayres, Seattle, 1951.

Those were the great days of Fageol's association with Stan Sayres (81, Aug. 23, 1954)—from 1950 to

1954, when Sayres's *Sfo-Mo-Shan IV* and *Sfo-Mo-Shan V* dominated Gold Cup competition, humbling year after year the entries sent out by archrival Detroit. Sayres died in 1956, having seen both his hydroplanes smashed, his two best drivers badly hurt and Detroit in possession of the Gold Cup; but he bequeathed Seattle, and all the rest of the West, for that matter, a flaming desire to keep the Gold Cup Race for the West's own.

That desire was evident on Lake Tahoe. No less than eight Seattle boats were on the water. Some of these were built by well-provided Westerners who, loyal to Sayres's memory, had come under the flag of the Seattle Yacht Club, Sayres's former outfit. Willard Rhodes of Seattle and the Thriftway grocery chain built *Miss Throft* two years ago, and last year she became

outboard

GOLD CUP

continued

and from Sayres withered the Gold Cup out of Seattle. This year, Rhoden had a second boat: *Thrifftway Too*. Bill Waggoner, of oil and ranching and Arizona, also had two on hand: *Shenly I*, last year's high-point boat, and *Mariner*. "I'm just a little oilman," said Waggoner, who has about \$300 million in the kitty, "and there's nothing cheap about having unlimited hydroplanes that I ever found, but I manage to keep them in gas."

Then there was Edgar Kaiser, son of Henry J. and now top executive in that empire, who brought out the *Hawaii Kai*. Bill Boeing Jr., heir to Boeing of airplane fame, was represented by his *Miss Watson*.

These were the big contenders who could most easily afford the \$35,000 it costs to have a top designer-builder team like Ted Jones and Les Staudacher furnish them with an unlimited hydroplane, and who could also pony up the \$20,000 it takes to campaign for a season in the unlimited circuit. But there are less expensive ways of getting into the Valhalla of motorboat racing, too. For instance, a group of Seattle hydrophiles, syndicated as Rooster Tails, Inc., rebuilt the gutted *Slo-Mo V* as *Miss Seattle*, and a Seattle boatbuilder named Norm Christiansen started a hull in his cellar, hoisted it into his backyard, completed it there and named it *Miss Barndahl* after a well-known manufacturer of engine

components. The vacuum left by Stan Sayres has been well filled.

Against these eight Seattle boats at Lake Tahoe, the Detroiters sent a couple of advance scouts, *Gale V* and *Gale VI*, owned by Joseph Schoenich, Detroit electrical contractor, with orders to see what Seattle had to offer.

By the time heat 1B had started, Lou Fageol was comfortably seated near the rail of the barge. Squinting out into the course, he studiously ignored its natural beauties in favor of the huge pink body of *Hawaii Kai III*, 30 feet and 5,000 pounds of hull, his favorite boat on the course. "Beautiful," said Fageol quietly, as the *Hawaii Kai* slammed around the far turn. "A boat like that is enough to make me go back to driving."

It was not long before it was obvious to Fageol, the Detroit contingent and to everyone else at the Mapes Cup that Seattle had plenty to offer. *Hawaii Kai* beat *Gale V* going away. *Thrifftway Too*, so brand new that it was hardly broken in, and an experimental design to boot (the driver sits ahead instead of behind the engine), thrashed *Gale VI*.

This gratified the Seattleites and Lou Fageol equally, but for different reasons. The Seattle people had their ax to grind, but Fageol had supplied the Rolls-Royce engines for both the *Kai* and *Thrifftway Too*, and this was by way of being a vindication of Fageol's theories on unlimited power plants.

As president of Twin Coach Co. (motor coach and marine engines, founded

by his father), Fageol not only had the distinction of being the sole corporation president ever to drive an unlimited (or probably any other class, for that matter), but he also has had a great deal to do with motors. He made a shrewd guess back in 1945 and picked up 25 Rolls-Royce fighter plane engines at a war surplus price of \$500 apiece. At that time, all unlimited hydrocs used the Allison airplane engine, but Fageol liked the looks of the Rolls better.

The first Rolls to go into an unlimited went into *Slo-Mo V* in 1953. In 1954 *Slo-Mo V* took the Gold Cup in a walkaway with Lou Fageol driving.

"I could have ridden around the course with my feet on the dashboard and still have won," Fageol recalls calmly. "The only reason I didn't run away and hide was that it would have made a bad race."

The first boat owner to whom Fageol sold a Rolls after the demise of the *Slo-Mos* was Edgar Kaiser. Kaiser put the engine into the *Hawaii Kai* in time to win the Rogers Memorial at Washington, D.C. last year and then the Sahara Cup at Lake Mead.

Fageol has a ready comparison on the potency of the Rolls. "With the Allison in the *Slo-Mos*—and we had as good Allison as anyone," he says—"the best time we got from 80 to 140 mph was 12½ seconds. With the Rolls we did it in eight. They say that in the *Kai* they are doing it in less than six."

Fageol sold his Rolls stockpile at \$2,500 apiece. "I had more in them than that," he says. "I had stored them and run maintenance on them since 1945. Also, I had to do a lot of research on them. A plane engine does not have to accelerate or stop as quickly as an unlimited hydro engine. Stan Sayres and I pioneered the rebuilding of the Rolls so that it could jump to top speed or stop dead within seconds. Between what Stan spent and what I spent, the development of the quill shaft on the supercharger alone cost us \$30,000.

"A good Allison," Fageol concluded, "costs \$4,000 to \$5,000 now. I could have gotten twice as much for the Rolls, but I don't need the money, for one thing."

Heat 2A of the Mapes Cup, with a Rolls engine riding around in the *Hawaii Kai* again, made the time and money spent by Fageol seem a good

continued on page 42



DEFENDING CHAMP Russ Schleele and boat Bill Waggoner, owner of *Shenly*, discuss the problem of engine failures recently plaguing *Shenly* and sister boat *Mariner*.



Best Round of All!



For the taste of your life
 ... "Go First Class"
 with Miller High Life!

THE CHAMPAGNE OF BOTTLE BEER



Coming to Wisconsin?
 See golf's greatest
 stars at the Miller
 High Life Open . . .
 August 22-25 . . .
 Tropic Golf Club,
 Milwaukee



Perfect night for the
Light refreshment



An illustration of a man and a woman relaxing on a beach at night. The man is lying on his stomach, smiling, wearing a striped shirt and dark shorts, with a watch on his left wrist. He is holding a green bottle of Pepsi-Cola. The woman is sitting up, looking at him, wearing a light blue shirt and red shorts, with a flower in her hair. A bottle of Pepsi-Cola is on the sand between them. In the background, there is a basket of food and a small table with a drink.

Modern people have little time for yesterday's heavy foods. They park their picnic baskets with light, less filling food and drink—and they look and feel better for it.

Pepsi-Cola, too, takes this modern point of view about sensible diet. Never heavy, never too sweet, today's Pepsi-Cola is reduced in calories. Refresh without filling. Have a Pepsi!



Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling

GOLD CUP

continued

in excitement. Even though Jack Regas, the tight-lipped, wound-up little driver of the *Kar*, went roaring out of the pits before the five-minute gun had been fired and thus missed a chance to synchronize his stop watch with the starter's clock, he managed to synchronize by sighting the puff of smoke from the gun (its sound is inaudible to drivers over their engines) and he got off to a good start. Right then a lot of smart money on the Gold Cup shifted to the *Kar*; when she really got rolling, the rest of the field looked as though it were still tied up at the pits.

Regas turned in a 95-plus average and put the *Kar* in a good position to take the 400 bonus points for the fastest heat and another 400 for the fastest race (three heats). Since the winning boat can pick up only 100 points a heat over the second-place boat (400 points to 300), bonus points more often than not mean the race.

Lou Fageol watched the *Kar*'s performance with the wise and tolerant eye of a tribal elder to the unlimited class. Having been honorably retired from active status two years ago at the age of 48 when the *Shu-Mo V* did an inside loop and dumped him into the water from a height of 60 feet, he was entitled to his position, and aware of it.

"Now take Regas," said he, waving a gentle hand at the course, "he's an outstanding driver. Has all kinds of courage and a good, heavy foot, but he hasn't worked out an ironclad system for being on the line when the gun goes off. That's why he often has to come up from behind.

"Ask anyone," said Fageol as objectively as if he were talking about someone else, "who was the master of the fast start, and they will say Lou Fageol."

He was, too. At its zenith, the "Fageol start" involved running away from the line a certain number of seconds, then turning around and coming back at dead-top racing speed—about 165 mph—from half a mile away. This was one of the things that helped Sayres keep the Gold Cup in Seattle, but it scared the livers out of some of the other drivers. Eventually, the permissible starting area in back of the line was restricted by means of a log boom.

Fageol had nothing but praise for the most unfortunate of the drivers in heat 2A: Russ Schlee (see cover), the Air Force colonel who was last year's high-point man in the 13-race unlimited circuit.

Schlee is as relaxed and tall-in-the-saddle as the next Westerner, but this year he has had nothing but trouble—engine trouble.

Schlee had a broken quill shaft in lap seven of her first heat—Schlee was leading at the time—and in the present heat she lapsed less than a lap before her engine blew up.

Schlee, in characteristically wry fashion, delivered his own estimate of his performance from under a large white Stetson after the race. "I am getting to be known as the fastest sprint man on the circuit—always first in the first 100 yards."

"It's too bad," said Fageol when he saw Schlee sitting dead in the water during heat 2A. "The colonel is a fine driver. He's got a fine attitude toward racing. Not a bit of fear when he's out on the course."

"I remember the colonel last year in the Sahara Cup," Fageol continued. "He got out in front and did a masterful job of using up the race course. The *Kar*, which was faster, was right behind but couldn't get by."

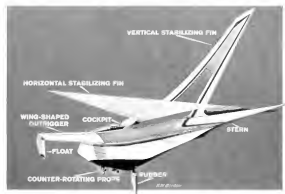
Fageol's recipe for "using up the race course" (presumably Schlee—when

rooster tail, he'll feel like he's being washed down by a couple of man-sized fire hoses. And not only that, he'll get water through his air scoop into his carburetor, and probably wash out of the race.

"And then you can also mess up the turn for him," Fageol went on. "There are five or six markers on each turn. You weave a pattern past these markers that always keeps your wake in front of the boat behind you. You swing wide on the straightaway and then drive in on the first marker, giving it minimum clearance. Then you slide out as you get halfway through the turn, come back in on the last marker and then slide out again on the straightaway. That way there's nothing the following boat can do to avoid crossing your wake four times a turn, unless he keeps way outside the course."

"The only thing you can do if you're behind a smart driver is what I did one year to Danny Foster at the President's Cup. I kept coming up to him on the outside and he kept driving out to make me go wider."

"I set Foster up by coming up like that a couple of times. I had a special



RADICAL DESIGN built by Seattle mechanic Armand Swenson is modernistic hybrid of seaplane fuselage and conventional unlimited hydroplane hull with floats at end of wing-shaped outriggers intended to give *Miss University District* the stability needed to run across the surface of the water with only her counter-rotating props submerged.

given the chance—uses some variant thereof) is as follows:

"In the first place," he says, "there's no need to get way out front. You should have the other boat right at the end of your rooster tail. That is right where the end of your spray comes down."

"That keeps him on the outside. If he tries to get inside and gets into the

snorkel tube so I could close the carburetor while I ate someone's wake. It works if you don't have to eat it too long."

"So, the last time I came up on the outside Foster started to drift out to me and I closed the tube, chopped the throttle and dove through his wake. He was still looking for me on the

continued



HOTTEST RACING ENGINE In *Hawaii Kai*, crew tended carefully by members of former pit crew of Stan Sagres's famous *Slo-Mo-Shoo* Gold Cup champions.

GOLD CUP

continued

outside, and the next thing he knew I was on the inside, and by the time we were going out of the turn he was eating my wake."

Having delivered himself of this, Fageol settled himself to watch heat 2B, the last heat before the finals. The principal figures in this were Bill Muncey, present holder of the Gold Cup, in *Miss Thriftway* and Mira Slovak in *Miss Wahoo*. The two were expected to furnish most of the excitement all by themselves.

Bill Muncey is a confident, almost brash driver who hot-roads when he feels he has to. He also has a smart head on his shoulders. By contrast, Mira Slovak is a tall, almost cadaverously lean, Czech who flew the C-47 he was piloting—passengers and all—out of the Iron Curtain in 1953. He clowns and laughs or is as moody as a poet by turns, but he hardly ever misses the chance to drive through an opening. Fageol calls him "the steadiest driver on the circuit."

Slovak outstaided the irrepressible

Muncey at the start of heat 2B and hopped to a lead that Muncey couldn't seem to cut down for all his willingness to hurn up the corners.

"Muncey's Rolls isn't turning over," said Fageol, leaning forward as *Miss Thriftway* went by. "It should be hitting 3,800 to 4,000 rpm. To my ear, it's down 700 or 800 from that. I think he's got too big a wheel—his propeller has too much diameter."

By the end of four laps, Slovak was the one who looked like a hot-rodder. He was leaving Muncey behind, and trying for the heat and race bonus points. When he came through on the final lap, he made a grandstand showing by sizzling over the finish line close to shore right under the noses of the crowd, waving. Well he might: he had turned in the fastest heat—98 mph.

The end of 2B brought a feverish hustle of preparations for the final heat 30 minutes away. Over in the *Thriftway* pit, Ted Jones supervised the choice of a new prop for *Miss Thriftway* and received compliments on his new forward-cockpit design, *Thriftway Too*, which had held a respectable third until her engine died. "I'm never going to build another boat

with the driver behind the engine," Jones said. He went on to state that the lessening of driver fatigue in the new design was phenomenal. "Brien Wycle was ready to dance after coming out of the cockpit," Jones said.

Ted Jones was the principal designer for the *Slo-Mo IV* and *Slo-Mo V*, the prototypes of the modern unlimited, and in *Thriftway Too* he may have created another prototype.

Fageol has a lot of respect for Jones. "Now, if it wasn't for Jones," he said, "this whole sport might get static. He goes right ahead and comes out with something like *Thriftway Too* and makes it work."

In all the drama of hydroplane racing, nothing is more exciting than a close start of a final unlimited hydroplane heat. The start of the Mapes Cup final was close. It looked as though every driver had synchronized on the clock. Six boats—*Hawaii Kai*, *Miss Thriftway*, *Miss Bardahl*, *Gale V*, *Gale VI* and *Miss Seattle* came smoking down to the line, accelerating hard, suddenly jettisoning their stern plumes 50 and 70 feet in the air, closing in on each other until they were one grand melee of spray and thunder, hiding each other as they went gunning across.

Hawaii Kai's engine wobbled out at the first turn.

"Dama," said Fageol, raising his voice a quarter decibel, which was about as vehement as he ever gets.

Miss Thriftway, however, seemed to be holding up the honor of the Rolls engine men. She had on her new prop, and she opened water on *Miss Wahoo* and stayed ahead.

"Muncey," said Fageol, "is the better of the best."

Then, on what should have been the last lap for *Miss Thriftway*, she was flagged to go one more. The judges had ruled she crossed the line ahead of the gun, and this relegated her to second place. Muncey probably just shrugged his shoulders when he saw the telltale flag. He and *Miss Thriftway* are the hard-luck twins of unlimited racing. He lost the 1955 Gold Cup by four seconds which cost him 400 bonus points, even though he won the final heat. After the 1956 Gold Cup, he had to fight three months before he got his disqualification reversed and finally got possession of the trophy rightfully his. The fact that sequence pictures of the Mapes Cup later showed that not only *Miss Thriftway* but also *Miss Wahoo* jumped the final gun fitted into the pattern. It had no effect on race standings, anyway—Wahoo had all the bonus points—but it did have an effect

by the Gold Cup officials, who announced that they were going to use an electric-eye camera to monitor starts.

A surprising *Miss Burdahl*, home-made as she was, started third and finished third, ahead of *Gale V*, getting an excellent drive by Norm Evans and, presumably, a boost from the

Schoenith, "and I'll be darned if they don't seem to be getting worse."

Schoenith, however, is too ebullient to stay in a temper long. He was soon going around telling the other drivers that at Seattle he would be turning on that other engine.

With that it was all over but the

from despair. The motor ~~and~~ hydroplane people have been making warlike noises ever since the Mapes Cup—some of them probably meaningful. They have their own top driver in Fred Alter, who last year put *Sack Crust III* through Gold Cup qualifying laps faster than *Shawls*. Alter, still untried against Seattle drivers this year, will be at the Gold Cup, driving either *Miss U.S. for Miss U.S. IV*—fast and new—owned by ex-Detroit George Simon. Detroit Broadman Jack Schafer's *Sack Crust III* will be there, too. The Windmill Pointe Yacht Club will send tough Chuck Thompson to drive his *Skeel Carru*. And the *Gales* will be there. Lee Schoenith now cheerily blames high altitude for the *Gale* boats' lack of speed. If this is so, no one can write off Lee or *Gale V* Driver Bill Cantrell—a veteran full of hydroplane guile.

The West has a few hench warmers that haven't been really tested yet, including one sure eye opener. There's the Tri-City Syndicate's *Adios* and there's a *Skyway* and a *Witz-Ski* out of Seattle, a *Miss Rocket* out of Tacoma, a *Breathless* and *Breathless II* out of Tahoe—and now a Seattle mechanic named Armand Swensen has brought out a cross between a boat and a seaplane which he calls a one-pointer (see page 44), which he intends to enter in spite of the fact that some wags claim he'll be disqualified for failing to touch down on the finish line.

And although Lou Fugel retired temporarily to Kent, Ohio and a gray flannel business suit, nothing short of a natural catastrophe will keep him—or 499,999 others—at home when the big boats go at it in Seattle. **END**

HOW TO SCORE A GOLD CUP RACE

Gold Cup Race scoring is a little world unto itself. Point totals, not victory in the final heat, determine the winner. Three 30-mile heats constitute a race, with each boat running two preliminary heats and one final heat. Since no boat can have more than seven heats, the two heats are divided into seven-boat sections and numbered, as in the Mapes Cup, 1A, 1B, 2A and 2B. The entrants in each preliminary heat are determined by draw, and the seven eligible for the final heat are those scoring the highest in preliminary heats. First place in any heat is worth 400 points, second place 300, third place 225. In addition, a boat can earn up to 800 bonus points by turning in the fastest heat in the whole meet or the fastest three-heat

average—400 for the fastest heat, 400 for the fastest race average. Thus, for example, Boat A may run a close second to Boat B in each of two very fast preliminary heats. Boat C, in its two preliminary heats, takes it easy, winning on slower time. In the final heat, Boat B, which twice beat Boat A, fails to finish. Boat A comes in a close second to Boat C. Yet Boat A, with two second places in fast preliminary heats and a second in a final heat, has 900 points plus 400 bonus points for the fastest three-heat average. (Since Boat B, with the fastest heat times, failed to finish all three heats, no one gets the 400 points for the fastest heat.) Boat C has only 1,200 points and thus places second over-all in spite of her three wins.

product of the fuel outfit whose name she bears.

Said a disgruntled Detroit: "It's getting bad. Here a guy in Seattle builds a boat in his backyard and he's beating us."

Lee Schoenith (son of the owner) came in a disappointed fourth over-all in *Gale V*, the only boat at Tahoe that had twin engines. (*Gale V* and *Miss Seolith* also sputtered out.) "We've had eight unlimiteds in the family," said

ceremony. The *Wahoo* crew threw Slovak into cool Lake Tahoe several times for the cameras, despite his yelling protests: "I can't swim!" Reno Hotelman Charles Mapes, donor of the trophy, fell off *Miss Wahoo* of his own accord while trying to hand Slovak the grant cup. After that, everyone packed the big boats onto their trailers and, after the inevitable banquet had been held, headed for home.

Detroit soon managed to recover



SEASON'S TOP DRIVER Mira Slovak's face shows the strain of winning the Mapes Cup race as he brings *Miss Wahoo* into port,

standing in cockpit to stretch legs cramped by 30-mile final. Low in the water, his hydro dwarfs conventional boat in background.

PUBLINX PRODIGY

*An 18-year-old Hoosier won the Public
Links golf title in high-pressure style*

by GWILYM BROWN

THIS amateur Public Links championship is a delightfully low-pressure tournament year in and year out, but the 32nd renewal at the Hershey Park Golf Club in Hershey, Pa. saw some very high-pressure golf displayed by an 18-year-old Indianapolis boy named Don Essig III who has just finished his freshman year at Louisiana State University. This 6-foot, 140-pound Hoosier has been one of the Midwest's outstanding junior golfers for several years but until now never quite emerged as a national figure.

He captured the Public Links championship of the United States last week by hitting some marvelous iron shots and one-putting 12 greens to bring down little Gene Towry, a laconic 28-year-old student in electrical engineering at SMU. Essig (German for "vinegar") won 6 and 5 in the final.

Before coming to Hershey, Don had taken both the Indiana State and Western Junior titles. At the tournament he won his first three matches

without being seriously extended. His first real test came in the quarter finals against the defending champion Junie Buxbaum, a runny, 41-year-old ex-touring pro who had been advancing steadily through round after round with consistent par golf. Essig, hanging on with a nice display of all-round hitting, was one up after 17, but Buxbaum birdied the par 5 18th to even the match and send it into extra holes. Here it appeared as if the courageous young Hoosier was going to be eliminated despite all his tenacity. But then he showed with dramatic abruptness what a fine golfer he really is. After hitting a mediocre drive on the 415-yard uphill first hole, he snatched his ball out of a tight, heavily clovered lie with a squarely hit five-iron. The ball hung high above the sloping plateaued green, then plunked down not more than eight feet from the cup. This unnerved the usually steady Buxbaum to such an extent that he pulled his approach to the lower left side of the



WINNER ESSIG, INFORMALLY ATTIRE

green where it kicked sickeningly out of bounds for hole and match. "There's no question about which was my toughest match," Essig said after the tournament's end. "It was with Buxbaum. What happened there made everything else possible."

Made possible were two relatively anticlimactic 36-hole matches with Don Sekrahulis of Kewanee, Ill. in the semifinal and with Towry in the final. In the semis the champion-to-be and the 26-year-old Illinois boiler factory laborer, who bears a remarkable facial resemblance to Amateur Golfer Harvie Ward, played some sloppy golf until Essig ended the agony on the 33rd green.

Against Towry in the final, Essig was inspired by a vociferous rooting section which included his mother, father and 17-year-old fiancé of six months, Barbara Hankins, a shapely, blue-eyed little blonde sporting a fluffy pony tail. With Barbara squealing delightedly on the sidelines, Essig ran down several long putts and played some exquisite short putts.

After it was all over, the energetic Miss Hankins bounced around the press room, chattering gaily and trying to read all the nice words that were being sent out about her Donnie. Unless someone looks her in the ladies' lounge, she will have ample opportunity to do the same at a good many tournaments to come. **END**

THE LAST 16

DON ESSIG III, 18, student at LSU, Indianapolis.

GENE TOWRY, 28, graduate student at SMU, Dallas.

DON SEKRAHULIS, 26, boiler factory laborer, Kewanee, Ill.

A. PAUL POPOVIC, 39, special insurance agent, San Francisco.

WALTER GILLIAM, 36, clothing store manager, Burlingame, Calif.

JUNIE BUXBAUM, 41, electric appliances sales counselor, Memphis.

BUD RIVETT, 34, U.S. mail carrier, High Point, N.C.

DR. SAN VALUCK, 34, osteopathic physician and surgeon, Denver.

ELMER CLITES, 42, papermaker, Antioch, Calif.

ROBERT TOLF, 26, apprentice electrician, Seaside, N.Y.

WOODROW BALL, 38, graduate student at U. of Oregon, Portland, Ore.

JACK CHUN, 40, plumber, Honolulu.

EDDIE SCHMURR, 16, student at St. Xavier H.S., Louisville.

ROBERT DENTON, 22, golf course starter, Peoria, Ill.

TON JENKINS, 22, plumber's apprentice, Jacksonville.

GEORGE RODOY SR., 48, schoolteacher, Indianapolis.

YOU SHOULD KNOW...

...that on the magic date of August 12th the Highland grouse season opens in Scotland, and this is the time to learn about that 'drop of poetry' known all the world over as good Scotch whisky

by ED ZERN

ON ANY AUGUST 11TH, a Scottish grouse may not be legally shot. On any August 12th, except during severe world wars, it may and probably will be. But, since only a fortunate and well-beeled handful of Americans will be able to visit Scotland for the opening of the grouse season this week, some 5 million U.S. bird shooters must be content to participate in spirit, if at all. Of these, an unknown number will find it easier to throw a spiritual bridgehead across 3,000 miles of cold gray ocean after hosing a few nips, or perhaps a noggyn, of a well-aged and cunningly blended Scotch whisky.

VISION And, although unable to grace the 12th with their physical presences they may, if possessed of only a wee drop of poetry in their bluid, yet achieve a vision of Highland moors hip-deep in windswept heather and sparkling rivers full of noble Scottish salmon. They need only to mingle a dram of pure spring water with an equal amount of Scotch whisky, drink deep of the mixture, lean back, relax and close their eyes; the vision will come, with perhaps a covey of grouse flushing wild from the heather as extra solace.

DISCOVERY Long ago in all lands, men discovered that fruit could be turned into wine and cereals into beer and that when either of these is boiled and the vapors condensed, collected and drunk the effect on the drinker is a miracle. In their wonder and delight they dubbed this invention *aqua vitae* or *can de vie* or *akcorit* or whatever in their language meant "water of life." In old Irish Gaelic the words were *uisge beatha* and, when Irish settlers a thousand years ago brought the art

of distilling (which they may have got from Phoenician traders) to the western isles of Scotland, the Scots quickly learned the rudiments and invented a few tricks of their own, while colloquializing the name to *usquebaugh* or *usquahae*. The first reference to malt whisky occurs in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls for 1494, but distilling had been a flourishing domestic art for several hundred years, and in 1790 a whisky-drinking Ayrshire peasant named Burns wrote, "Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil; Wi' usquahae, we'll face the devil!" (Tippenny was ale, which commonly sold for two pennies the quart.) By the end of the 18th century, *usquahae* had been corrupt-

ed into "whisky" and was solidly established as the national drink of Scotland.

ELIXIR "If a body could just find out the exact proper proportion and quantity that ought to be drunk every day, and keep to that, I verily trow that he might leave forever, without dying at a!" said one of Christopher North's characters; he was speaking of Glenlivet, the most famous of Scotch malt whiskies. Today there are 28 Scotch distilleries using the Glenlivet name, but a lawsuit in 1880 enjoined all but the distillery founded by George Smith at Glenlivet in 1824 from using the word without qualification,



"I had no idea he wanted the championship that badly."

YOU SHOULD KNOW

continued

and today the original brand is labeled "The Glenlivet"—period.)

TYPES Three types of whisky are made in Scotland: malt whisky, made entirely from malted barley in pot stills; grain whisky, made from unmalted grains (mostly corn) in mass-production patent stills; and blended whisky, a blend of malt and grain whiskies.

HYMNAL Until the invention of the patent still by Aeneas Coffey in 1830, all Scotch was pure malt whisky. It was a rich, robust spirit that "goes down singin' hymns," and it was ideally suited to comforting the bodies and souls of Highlanders, whose lives were toilsome and whose climate was as harsh as their theology. As such, it had a limited appeal, and the English gentry chose brandy when it craved strong drink. Today there are a few Scots, and even a few Sassenachs, who still persist in drinking malt whisky pure and unblended, but the price is high and the supply is scarce. In the United States only a few cases a year are imported, for sale to intransigent connoisseurs, unreconstructed Gaels and other troublemakers.

The continuous process still could turn out more whisky in a week than a pot still could produce in a year, but the product was lacking in malt whisky's distinctive peaty flavor and body. By the same token, it had less of the various acids, esters, aldehydes, fusel oil, furfuryl and other hangover-producing congeners that make pure malt whisky a drink best suited to soccer players, salmon poachers, deer stalkers and other hyperactive outdoor types.

BLENDING Today, virtually all the Scotch whisky sold throughout the world is a blend of malt whisky, for body and flavor, and grain whisky (which unlike grain neutral spirits is aged for at least two years), for lightness and mildness. Blending is an art and, by cannily marrying Highland, Lowland and Islay or Campbeltown malt whiskies with grain whisky in a ratio from 30:70 to 50:50, the blender is able to maintain a uniform character in his final product, year after year. Unlike most American whiskies, Scotch is often artificially colored. (Aging in charred barrels gives bourbon and rye an amber color, but Scotch is aged in uncharred wood.) The coloring was

originally meant to appease non-Scots drinkers, who were accustomed to brandy and suspicious of a colorless spirit. But at least one distiller bottles a "white" malt whisky for limited sale.

MALT Malt is germinated grain. If you soak barley in water for five days, then spread it on the floor of a warm room and sprinkle it frequently with water, it will start to sprout in about two weeks. When the sprouts are about three-fourths of an inch in length, the barley is known as "green malt," and some of the starches in the grain have changed into diastase, which converts grain starch into sugars called maltose and dextrin.

If you spread the green malt on a drying screen inside a kiln and build a peat fire under it, the smoke will kill the germ of the barley and will give the grain the smoky, pungent peat flavor that distinguishes Scotch from other whiskies. Heavy roasting will give it a heavy character, light roasting a light character, and it's here you determine the kind of whisky you'll end up with.

WORT If you grind the dried malt into coarse meal, soak it in hot water until the sugars have dissolved, then strain off the water and cool it, you have a sweetish liquid known as wort. If you put the wort in a vat and add a special strain of yeast, the yeast enzymes will break down the sugars into carbon dioxide and alcohol. This is called fermentation, and after three days you will have a beery liquid called "mash," with an alcoholic strength of about 10%.

If you put the mash into a copper still and heat it, the alcohol and some other compounds will vaporize and pass into a coiled and cooled pipe called a worm, where the vapors condense and reconstitute a liquid. This is known as "low wines" and is ready for a second distillation. This one is tricky, as the first and last parts of the run (called "foreshots" and "feints") are so heavy with bad-tasting toxic compounds that they must be discarded; the trick is not to discard too much or too little.

You now have a gin-clear liquid on your hands, with an alcoholic strength of about 70% (140 proof) and, if a man walks up and says, "What's that stuff?" you may truthfully say, "Why that, sir, is malt whisky!" If the man is a revenue officer, you are in trouble.

MATURING To bring Scotch whisky to potable perfection, it is reduced with soft

water to about 125 proof, barreled in oak casks (preferably casks previously used for storing sherry) and matured under government supervision for at least three years—or four if the whisky is to be shipped to the United States. But generally malt whisky is blended with aged grain whisky after three or four years, then rebarreled for further maturing.

No one knows what happens to whisky while it ages, or why, but subtle changes take place in the nature of the complex compounds that determine the character of the final product. Probably some of the compounds are oxidized by contact with the wood or with air in the cask and thus mellowed in flavor and fragrance. Whatever the cause, aging improves the whisky—but age is no assurance of quality, and after bottling no maturing takes place.

SOURCE The four chief malt-whisky-producing divisions of Scotland are the Highlands, the Lowlands, Islay and Campbeltown. Most experts rate Highland whiskies, particularly from Speyside distilleries, finest in quality. Lowland malts are usually less peaty in flavor, while such Islay and Campbeltown whiskies as Laphroaig, Lagavulin and Rieclachan are so pungently smoky that few drinkers find them suitable for a steady diet; in any event, the bulk of malt whisky is sold to large Lowland grain-whisky distilleries for use in blending. (Although there are fewer than a hundred distilleries in Scotland, nearly 3,000 different blends of Scotch are bottled for sale.)

GENIUS Scotch whisky is defiance, and genius, and a song of thanksgiving. In its amber glow a race of hard-working, hard-fighting, hard-praying Highlanders found a glimpse of pure sunlight and warmth. In its wetness they found a way to damp predestined hell-fire (and if the flames flared up again the next morning, at least they'd been lulled for a spell). In its export to the hewthen they found livelihood. And if today the Sassenachs have laid such a tax on the stuff that an honest Scot can't afford to get properly wobbly, perhaps tomorrow will be better.

Meanwhile it behooves us all, in the spirit of pure scientific research and a deep love of mankind, to seek out that exact proportion and quantity that ought to be drunk every day, so that you and me might leave forever, without dying at all.

(END)

BONNIE PRUDDEN

5 Now that you've spent a week on the four basic exercises, you'll enjoy adding this new one to your program

This week we'll add the spine-down stretch to the four basic exercises you began last week. This will strengthen your lower abdominal muscles and help correct sway-back. Keep your total daily exercise time to 10 minutes and remember to do your five exercises in order, for the number of times indicated. If you have time, repeat the cycle. Next week: knee-to-nose kick. **TIPS FOR LIVING:** When you're driving and stop for a light, tighten your seat muscles, then your abdominal muscles and hold for length of light (but don't forget to breathe).

A



B



A) Lie on your back on the floor, with your arms outstretched. Keeping your legs together, bring your knees up toward your chest and force your spine to the floor. **B)** Now straighten your legs until

they form about a 90° angle with your body. **C)** Return to position A. **D)** Repeat B, but this time tilt your legs about six inches toward the floor, and again return to position A. Keep

C



D



doing this, each time lowering your legs another six inches before returning to position A. When you reach the point where your spine no longer stays down, go back to your last successful

stretch and thrust legs out and back 10 times. Ultimately you will be able to stretch your legs only one inch off the floor and still keep your spine down. Don't be surprised if it takes a while.



HAMMERLI .22 FREE PISTOL

This fine Swiss-made single-shot pistol, with an adjustable "hair" trigger and extremely low-positioned sights, is designed for use in international slow-fire competition.



RUSSIAN .22 "HACKSAW"

This odd semiautomatic, having its barrel aligned with the center of the grip to minimize recoil in rapid fire, was banned from international matches as too impractical.

READY ON THE FIRING LINE

This month at Camp Perry, 1,200 pistol men will be blazing away, reasserting their faith in small arms and gunning for the national title held by a very remarkable sergeant, Huelet (Joe) Benner

by COLES PHINIZY



THE .22 SUPERMATIC

This Hi-Standard semi-automatic intended for U.S. matches can be supplemented by kit parts making it an interchangeable gun good for international rapid fire as well.



THE COLT .45

This traditional and familiar semi-automatic service pistol is the unqualified choice of almost all marksmen firing .45 caliber slow-, timed- and rapid-fire courses in the U.S.



THE S & W MASTERPIECE

This Smith and Wesson K model revolver, of equal size and weight in either .32 or .38 caliber, is suitable for both the U.S. and international center-fire competition.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK KUNG

AT CAMP PERRY, OHIO on the Lake Erie shore, starting this weekend, every morning and afternoon for a solid month there will be the terrible din of gunfire, a blatant roar of rifles and pistols, muzzle loaders and breech loaders. The Congress of the United States authorizes this din and the National Rifle Association sponsors it to determine what men (and women) are our country's best with small arms. This year's National Matches should attract about 4,500 shooters from all over, bearing a great variety of commonplace service weapons and specialized target arms, including four of

the noteworthy pistols pictured above.

Along with all the noise there will be lots of color, too. Out of respect for the great era of American marksmanship when Davy Crockett gunned his bears, the muzzle-loading competitors coming to Perry are encouraged to wear coonskin caps and the fine leather trappings of the long-gone frontier. At Perry it is the habit of competitors firing modern arms to stitch all over their shooting jackets insignia certifying their club, or their proficiency, or their participation in prior matches of every sort—a spangled, quilted camouflage which, off the firing line, can

make a so-so shooter look like a crack shot. In this day of bigger and far louder weapons, small-arms shooting is still rated a very necessary skill, so there will naturally also be at Perry a great number of uniformed men from the Army, Navy and Marines.

It is quite possible, in this kaleidoscopic welter of medals and marksmen, to overlook completely the most remarkable marksman of them all. He is a husky and happy, 39-year-old, 230-pound, barrel-shaped, moonfaced native of Paragould, Arkansas named Huelet Leo Benner. Benner is notable

continued

PISTOL SHOOTING

continued

and yet hard to pick out of the crowd for a number of reasons. The 22 years since he left Paragould he has spent in the U.S. Army, a career soldier of the old M1, pre-World War II type, like the Springfield '03 rifle, well worth notice before his sort passes entirely from the scene.

In his 20 years of competitive pistol shooting Benner has won a houseful of trophies—medals, silverware, punch bowls, cups, TV sets and what not. Though he has earned enough insignia to cover a sidewalk tent, Benner does not go in for such decoration on his nonmilitary shooting jackets, figuring that it attracts attention and that, since it is the duty of every soldier to shoot well, the fact need not be advertised all over his clothes. At Perry he will be wearing a single patch, "U.S. Army Pistol Team, 1957," denoting that he is one of about two dozen of the Army's best. He answers now, not to the Christian names Huelet Leo that his mother gave him, but to the plain name "Joe Benner," which a company commander gave him by mistake 20 years ago.

On the firing line Benner makes as much noise as anyone. Off the line, he is a quiet talker. He does not have the bark of a master sergeant, but once going, he can draw out the words at a good rate. From his conversation no one would pick him as the national pistol champion defending his title at Perry. He is a man most loyal to his art, but even in the atmosphere of Perry, where scores and techniques are hashed and rehashed, Benner seldom discusses shooting unless the subject is brought to him.

There will be about 1,200 competitors at Perry anxious to take Benner's title from him but with no chance of doing so. There are at every large meeting about a dozen pistol men who might beat him, but the fact does not, outwardly at least, bother him. Off the firing line he remains the gregarious friend of any hopeful tyro, arch rival, two-star general or small, admiring child that he happens upon. Through the years he has developed an affection for a variety of persons, groups, causes and things, among them his native state of Arkansas, the U.S. Army, the Confederate States of America, sportfishing, two-inch steaks, the West Point football team, the Yankee baseball team and the Boston Red Sox left fielder, Ted Williams.

Between the toughest of matches

when scores are close, Benner may be found relaxed and seated, or more properly, crowded into a folding chair, discouraging and regaling listeners with hyperboles on any or all of his favorite subjects. He may break off from a commentary on the decline in the quality of sirloin steaks to remind everyone of the large fish he once caught off California (at the last telling of the story, this fish, a salmon, had the girth and length of a Cadillac); or he may start into a running account of the 300-mile march he once made from Mineral Wells, Texas to Camp Bullis to test a new chocolate bar for the Army (at last telling, the march route went straight up and down mountains, and Benner, driven by pangs of hunger, wrestled a deer while the colonel leading him took bearings by sighting his compass on the moon). A listener occasionally challenges the exactness of a Benner story, and at such moments Benner's eyebrows arch up and his face takes on the sad, hurt look of a small boy accused of kissing girls. The moment passes, however, and Benner is soon off and galloping on another story. When night falls on the encampment of shooters at Perry, he will still be making some noise, snoring his way through a deep and untroubled sleep. Another good pistol man, Major Ben Curtis, who has fired often against Benner and slept near him, claims Benner is the only Army man who can snore both slow and rapid fire and always loud enough to be heard through four walls.

A symbol of proficiency

For a decade Joe Benner has been in a class by himself as a symbol of this country's proficiency with small arms—at a time when our international reputation for shooting has been slipping badly and could stand a few more master sergeants to jack it up. In the past 10 years he has served on three Olympic teams and two Pan-American teams and has competed in three world championships, winning seven individual titles. At Perry this month he will be going for his sixth national title. In several respects, Benner's victories in our own national matches, rather than his international titles, are the more convincing evidence of his ability. National and international competition differ markedly, the U.S. national championship course being, without question, the better all-round test of a man and his weapons in a practical situation—a fact that can be borne out by a brief look at the courses of fire and the pistols pictured on page 51.

The pistols shown there all have a

generally familiar look. There is one American-made Hi-Standard .22 caliber semiautomatic (*top*), slightly specialized for target use, but still basically what a sportsman might take into the woods and what might serve safely and reliably against an intruder in the home. Anyone who has seen a shoot-'em-up movie will recognize the .38 caliber Smith and Wesson center-fire revolver and the .45 Colt semiautomatic shown below the Hi-Standard as the sort of practical weapons used against violators of the law, invaders of the home and invaders of the homeland. The rules of U.S. competition permit tinkering and internal changes to improve target accuracy, but the gun must remain a safe, reliable and practical weapon. Most notable of the rules keeping the guns practical is one requiring a pronounced trigger "pull," so that the shooter is, so to speak, in command of his weapon at all times.

To become national champion a shooter must be able to beat Joe Benner and the rest of the field with not one gun, but with three guns of the sort pictured on page 51—firing a total of 90 rounds with each gun in four separate matches at a target with a 10-ring the size of a small teacup. The slow-fire match consists of 20 rounds fired at 50 yards at a rate of 10 rounds in 10 minutes; the timed-fire match, 20 rounds at 25 yards at a rate of five rounds in 20 seconds; the rapid-fire match, 20 rounds at 25 yards at a rate of five rounds in 10 seconds. The fourth match consists of 10 rounds slow fire, 10 rounds timed fire and 10 rounds rapid fire, establishing a man's competence at firing all three rates during a single period of tension on the firing line. The maximum score possible for the three guns is 2,700 points, and a near-perfect score of 2,600 is considered the magic barrier of the sport. By the rough count of veterans who have been to most of the meets, 23 of Benner's rivals have crossed the 2,600 barrier. Benner alone has crossed it some 60 times; he has, in fact, shot lower than 2,600 only once in the past four years.

What is it that Benner has that makes him great? The question baffles many who know him well. "It is no easier to answer," one persistent and promising young rival, Lieutenant David Miller, points out, "than it is to say why Bobby Morrow stands out as a sprinter, or why any man in any sport stands out the way Joe does with a pistol." There are some obvious fine points in Benner's performance, but since most are also noticeable in other



MASTER SERGEANT JOE BENNER WILL TAKE THE LINE AT CAMP PERRY TO DEFEND THE NATIONAL TITLE HE HAS WON FIVE TIMES

good shooters, it is questionable how much any one point contributes to his over-all mastery. He stands steady as a rock, body straight and centered perfectly over his legs, his weight ever so slightly forward on the balls of his feet. In slow fire he can hold his sight picture steady for 15 or 30 seconds until he feels the wind slack. Conversely, at times in slow fire, with a full minute for each shot, without returning his weapon to the bench he will send off two or three shots rapid-fire rate to take advantage of a good wind condition. Benner has a remarkable feel for the target. When he does

let off a wild one (for Benner, a wild one is anything in the eight- or nine-ring), merely by the feel of the gun at release without using a spotting scope he can usually tell just where the mark lies on the target. There are men nearly as good who look as good as Benner, and the coach of the Army Pistol Team, Sergeant Frank Graham, submits that if there is anything special working for Benner, it is his ability to concentrate on shooting 100', while on the firing line, then de-concentrate 100', off the line and remember only such wonderful things as two-inch steaks, Ted Williams and oversized California fish.

It is next to impossible to say what man is the world's best in international competition. Benner is certainly in line of them. The main fault that anyone with a practical mind finds with international competition is that there is no important composite test including both slow and rapid fire. There is slow fire and rapid fire, but no aggregate scoring, so actually there never can be any man who is the world champion or the Olympic champion. The international slow-fire course consists of 60 rounds fired in three hours at a range of 50 meters at a target with a 10-ring

outlined

PISTOL SHOOTING

continued

which is about half the size of that used in the U.S.

International slow fire is a highly specialized sport and a splendid one, but in itself tests little of a man's overall ability. The guns are single shot (for greater accuracy) and are called "free pistols" because almost anything goes so long as the bore is .23 caliber. The trigger on free pistols, such as the peerless Hammerli shown on page 50, may be set so fine that a floating feather will send the shot off. A free pistol accordingly is a rather poor thing to have for defense in the woods, the home, in a foxhole or around a police station.

The international rapid-fire match at 25 meters is a more practical and very exacting match, demanding skill

at getting off five shots in as little as four seconds. The gun for this is of necessity a semiautomatic without a set trigger, but at that, in the past year, there is evidence that the International Shooting Union has some conscience about impractical weapons. At the Melbourne Olympics, Russian Evgeni Teherkassov won the silver medal firing the strange, impractical "hacksaw" shown on page 50—an upside-down semiautomatic with the barrel in line with the center of the hand to minimize the kick-up of recoil. The International Union straightway outlawed the hacksaw, without protest from Russia, by ruling out all semiautomatics over 12 inches long and any gun with a barrel below the upper part of the holding hand.

In the past two years since Russia made a big sweep of the 1954 world

shooting championships and did almost as well at the Olympics, there has been harking and barking here about the decline of U.S. shooters (who have not declined, but merely not improved enough). The common alibi is that the Russians do nothing but shoot and should rate in a professional class by themselves. This is a limp alibi, seeing that many a U.S. soldier eligible for our teams has as his principal assignment shooting or the instruction of shooting. Joe Benner, to cite a prime case, is pistol coach at West Point, and last summer he snorted in protest over the alibiing. "It just makes me fierce in a way," Joe has exclaimed, "when I think of this amateur rule we make so big when it is really so small. We're always criticizing the Russians for being professional when we're not so much different."

A difference of degree

The difference between Russian and American shooting seems to be one of degree, and the National Rifle Association and top shooters here fortunately take a positive attitude toward improving our international shooting. "You do not hear bitching about how Russians train from our shooters," Major Ben Curtis of the Army Advanced Marksmanship Unit reports. "We know how they play. We should stop worrying about them, cut out the alibiing and keep shooting."

But the problem, as Major Curtis realizes, is not all that easy to solve. In the U.S. there are few ranges where international courses can be fired that are comparable to those in Russia, in Scandinavian countries and in some of the South American countries. "We should," Joe Benner pursues the point, "quit counting the ranges in Russia and start building our own."

There is some sentiment here that the military should get out of international shooting and leave it to the few civilians who can top off their national competition costs with the added expense of international-type guns and competition. At the prospect of this, at the mere mention of it, drawling Joe Benner all but floats out of his folding chair, barking uncharacteristically in the finest tradition of a super-sergeant. "What do I hear?" he exclaims indignantly. "Let civilians, let the people who pay taxes to give us salaries go out and do all the shooting to defend our reputation? Don't let me hear anybody suggest that we let anybody in the world get the idea that the United States Army is a lot of shooting dubs."

END



"Got any buds from the Pacific Coast yet?"



BUGATTI

Immaculate one-third model of the unforgettable Type 35, built by Ettore Bugatti for sons, now proudly driven in Paris by Oliver Beresi, 4.

CARS FOR KIDS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JERRY COOKE

FOR A LONG TIME NOW, children have had a way of latching on to the paraphernalia of the adult world, in one form or other. Remove the revolvers from the holsters of this nation's junior Wyatt Earps, take away their toy automobiles, trains and planes—and the small fry would turn their burp guns on the grownups. The field of model automobiles is immensely varied. On the highest plateau are the self-propelled

scale replicas, of which the imperable Bugatti above and cars on the following page are representative examples from four countries. Some of these have been treasured by two generations of children and undoubtedly will be whizzed about by generations to come. The beautiful Costalis, incidentally, has been raced in a kiddies' Grand Prix, akin to a children's quarter-midget racing sport that is catching on in the U.S.



CISITALIA

A \$1,700 scale copy of ill-fated, Porsche-designed racer. Franco Patria, 14, son of builder, got 88 mph from 31-hp engine in race at famed Monza course.



THUNDERBIRD

Commercially produced copy of Ford's sports car has an electric motor, 8 mph top speed, costs \$465. Driver is Heather Henderson, 8, of Mystic, Conn.



ALLARD

Battery-operated, 6-mph sports car built by a Sussex, England garage owner, it has three forward speeds. Young Anthony Smith smiles from cockpit.



VAUXHALL

Based on Prince Henry model (background), it was built in 1913, has been used by two generations in family of British Auto Writer Laurence Pomeroy.

MURDER

continued from page 11

Henry up until then," he said, "all I said was 'hello.' " He also told an interviewer his favorite pastime was hunting. Another, who knew him better and knew that Henry liked to listen to modern music and go to the movies but was unaware he had ever shot anything bigger than a game of pool, saw the story. "I didn't know you hunted, Henry," he said. "I don't," said Aaron. "It's too dangerous."

The best proof that Aaron was a pretty intelligent young man even at the age of 19 is the fact that he was smart enough that year at Jacksonville to stay relaxed. Along with Felix Mantilla, now a teammate with the Braves, and an outfielder named Horace Garner, he was the first Negro to play in the Deep South Sally League. He had to live with a Negro family in town and, on the road, room in Negro hotels. Frequently he had to remain on the bus while white teammates brought his meals out to him from roadside restaurants. And at season's end, having said almost nothing and done quite a lot, there were no complaints about Henry Aaron by either the ballplayers in the league or the fans who watched him play.

Even now Aaron makes no attempt to convince anyone that he is a mental giant. When asked why he liked the outfield better than the infield, Henry told a reporter: "There's less to do out there. Especially thinking."

He is generally regarded, however, as an above-average defensive ballplayer who could be even better if he wanted to hardly enough. Even the Braves admit that he has a tendency to get a little lazy. But he has a good, strong arm—although not an exceptional one—and very good hands; he catches everything he gets to and gets to most baseballs that he should with a long, loping stride that covers more ground than it would appear. Once the Braves tried to get him up on his toes, to dig hard when he ran, but when his batting average began to tail off, they abandoned the project like a hot coal. When you ask Henry now why he doesn't run harder, he grins a little and says: "I'm pacin' myself."

Perhaps this is wise, for he has a long way to go. In National League history, only Pete Reiser ever won a batting championship at an earlier age—and that by only 1½ months—and while Reiser's career was ruined by running into too many outfield walls, that is an occupational hazard which presents no

problem to Aaron. He stays away from the walls. It is with a bat, not a glove, that Henry has soared to a \$30,000 salary in three short years, built one home for his wife and two children in Mobile and another in Milwaukee, helped his parents and invested in real estate. If he continues to stay healthy and to learn, he could become one of the greatest hitters that ever lived. Also one of the richest.

"Henry's dumb, all right," says Del Crandall. "Dumb like a fox. When he first came up, the pitchers used to fool him once in a while. Now he knows them. He has a tremendous faculty for remembering the pitch that got him out the last time. The next time the same pitcher tries it, Henry's liable to hit it out of the park."

MR. ROBERTS

They tell the story of the day in his rookie year when Aaron hit a home run off Robin Roberts. "Man," he said later, "was that really Mr. Roberts?" At the time, everyone believed him. Now the Braves will tell you he probably knew not only who Roberts was but what he had for breakfast and what size sweat-shirt he wore.

HIGHLIGHT

The major obstacle in Henry Aaron's pursuit of the triple crown in 1957 is one Stan Musial, who won his first batting championship when Aaron was just 4 years old. The year was 1943, and Musial—like Aaron when he got his first batting title last year

was 22. Now, 14 years and five batting crowns later, Musial is feeling the weight of the years, but at the same time is successfully fighting it. In the month since the All-Star Game, when the sweltering heat of midsummer normally has an enervating effect on 36-year-old ballplayers, Musial's 31 hits, 19 RBIs, and four home runs have moved him ahead of Aaron as the National League's leading run producer.

Two months ago, after Musial broke the National League record for consecutive games played, he admitted, "I'm not anxious to keep it going now. I'll sit out a game or two this season, like the second game of a double-header. They tire me out now. My reflexes go and I feel and look tired. So I don't expect to keep it up."

When Musial said that, the Cardinals were in fifth place. Since then, they have moved into the middle of an unbelievable pennant merry-go-round. "This is the most exciting race I've known," now says Musial. "We had some good races with Brooklyn in past years, but nothing like this,

In one respect, however, all pitchers are alike to Henry. "When my turn is on," he says, "it don't make any difference who the pitcher is. I hit anybody then. When it's off, I don't."

Usually the timing is on (his lifetime average of .315 now ranks second only to Musial's among active players in the National League) and he has a great deal of quiet confidence that it is the pitcher who should be doing the worrying. "I've got a bat," he says, "and all the pitcher's got is a ball. I figure that gives me the edge."

Because he has never considered himself to be a particularly powerful hitter, Aaron has wisely refused to get involved in the home run craze. He simply tries to meet the ball, wherever it is pitched, and let those wrists take care of the rest. He hit only 27 home runs in 1935 and 26 last year and insists that he isn't trying to hit home runs this season. So it is as much a surprise to Aaron as to anyone else that with two months still to go he leads both major leagues with 31. More than Musial and Snider, more than Mantle and Williams, too.

"Whatever I'm doin'," he says, "I
continued

where we play a contender every day."

Instead of resting, a visibly tired Musial has played in every game the day on one, but since it was suspended and will be finished next month, he may still get a chance to play in it. "This St. Louis weather, on a long home stand like this one, takes something out of you. I've never liked to play here more than two weeks at a stretch."

National League pitchers may be forgiven for being skeptical about Musial's fatigue. With the temperature in the mid-90s one day last week in St. Louis, Stan hit two home runs and two singles in four at bats, driving in four runs to put the Cardinals in first place for the fourth time this season. Incidental to Musial at the time was the fact that his two home runs had vaulted him past the illustrious Ty Cobb into third place on the all-time list of extra-base hitters. Only Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig have had more.

"It isn't that I've found a way to heat the sapping heat out here," Musial said after the game. "I simply got something straightened out. After 15 years in this park I still get anxious to pull the ball here. I take my eye off it, I guess, and begin pulling for that right-field fence. Del Ennis and some of the others watched me and told me what I was doing wrong."

By the end of the week, Musial was still playing every game and the Cardinals had won eight straight and 14 out of their last 17 games. L.W.

Make your Gin and Tonic COME TO LIFE



with **Seagram's** "the Gin with the Golden Touch"

You may think you're satisfied with "tired" gin drinks...until you enjoy a drink made with Seagram's Golden Gin. Then your favorite suddenly *comes to life*. You'll welcome its tantalizing flavor... the zest and vigor of its unmatched dryness. There's a world of difference in gins... and Seagram's Gin is *positive proof!*

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. 90 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

MURDER

continued

don't want to know what it is. I just want to keep on doin' it."

He does know that he is hitting the ball up in the air more this year and, trying to be helpful, once suggested it might be because he was standing up straighter at the plate. The real reasons are probably even simpler: he began the season using a 34-ounce bat instead of his usual 36-ounce one and can whip it around even faster; he weighs almost 10 pounds more than when he first came up to the big leagues, and he knows more about the pitchers—and ... at hitting—than he did one or two years ago.

NO SHIFT

Aaron still sends the ball ripping to all fields, and almost as many of his home runs have disappeared over the right-field fences this season as have been pulled to left. Because of this, no defense has been able to shift on him. And certainly no pitcher has yet found his weakness. When the Giants stopped him with only two singles in three games at the first of the season, Bill Rigney triumphantly announced: "I think we've found a way to pitch to Aaron." In his next 27 at bats against the Giants, Hank had 12 hits.

Outside of opposing pitchers, who may be excused, Aaron hasn't an enemy in the world. He gives Haney and the Milwaukee coaches no trouble, acts "like a big leaguer," according to Joe Taylor, the Braves equipment man and clubhouse manager, and is held in high regard both professionally and personally by his teammates, who rib him unmercifully, then praise him to the skies when his back is turned. Even the umpires love him. If a pitch is close enough to be questionable, Henry is going to hit it—or at least try to. "I don't give those umpires any call," says Henry. "To have words with me."

The Braves say Aaron is so relaxed at the plate that he catches entraps between pitches. They know, however, that this is deceptive: once he goes up there to hit, his powers of concentration and singleness of purpose would almost put Ben Hogan to shame. One day a rookie, trying to get some pointers by watching Aaron in the batting cage, was startled at the careless way Henry was holding the bat. "You better turn the trademark up," he rashly suggested.

"Boy," said Aaron with a withering look, "I didn't come up here to rend."

END

TIP FROM THE TOP

from **ED OLIVER,**

Blue Hill Country Club, Canton, Mass.



Today we have many players who can handle a course pretty easily when a good long drive leaves them only pitches to the green which they can flip up there with a seven-, eight-, nine-iron or wedge. Put these same players, though, on a somewhat longer and stiffer course that requires hitting a fair percentage of the second shots with the middle irons and occasionally a long iron, and they have a lot of trouble hitting the greens as regularly as they should. They're not putting for birds. They spend their afternoon scrambling for their pars.

As I look at it, the present dearth of solid iron players is traceable to the widespread fault of quitting at impact—thinking the shot is over when the ball is contacted. Of course, no one thinks he is quitting at impact, but the fact of the matter is that this is what a great many players do when they play the three-, four- and five-irons. They don't keep the club moving toward the target. They come off the ball before the shot is completed.

To be a good iron player, work to stay with the shot. Keep that club head moving toward the target as your right side rides through and you hit against a firm left side. Ride with the ball.



incorrect



correct: Ed Oliver stays with the shot

**New X-55
white coating
lasts rounds
longer!**



At last here's a white coating for golf balls that stays white! And this new X-55 paint is an exclusive feature of U. S. Royal Golf Balls. Wash your U. S. Royal over and over—round after round—and it comes back to a bright "like-new" white. If it stays in your golf bag over the winter, that whiteness lasts—never turns yellow with age. With the other U. S. Royal improved "made" features—liquid Silicone Center, high-energy rubber windings and armor-tough cover—you've got a golf ball that plays better and lasts longer! Ask your Pro about U. S. Royal Specials, Blues, Seniors or Queen Royals—all with new X-55 white coating.



**United
States
Rubber**

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

NEXT WEEK: HELEN DETTWELER ON LAZY DOES IT

FLAGS IN THE FRONT YARD

Ex-Cowhand Lowell Thomas finds his private golf course is a great place to herd celebrities

by PAUL O'NEIL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD NIEP

OWNING a private golf course is a little like owning a private Hudson River excursion steamer, or a private operating table, or a private mallet locomotive and 50 private refrigerator cars; once you've got the thing you must figure out what to do with it. There is probably nobody in the U.S. better fitted to solve this problem than Lowell Thomas, the radio newscaster, who is the proud owner of the little (89 acres) course pictured on these pages. Thomas has devoted a great deal of his life to what might be described as the care and handling (and, at times, the creation) of celebrities; he has a sort of cattleman's knack of turning them into his corral on command and of moving among them at will without being gored. The private golf

course affords him wonderful opportunities for gossiping and exercising them, and there have been days when he has been able to ride his private electric caddy cart among some very impressive specimens of American longhorn.

Even so, there are times when he is a little startled at finding poles with little flags on them in plain sight of the front door of his house near Pawling, N.Y. This is unusual, for the rarity of private golf courses is only partially induced by the financial outlay which they involve. A man who is not a grass lover and a tree inspector by nature could hardly be expected to saddle himself with acres of both; conversely, he could be as sod-happy as a mule and

continued



GOLF-DAY GUESTS include a mélange of personalities. Left to right: Golf Architects Robert Trent Jones, Thomas' Financial and Business Manager Frank M. Smith, Edward R. Murrow, Golfer Gene Sarazen, Thomas, Connecticut Pro George Ferris, neighbor and great friend of former Governor Toot Dewey, Carl

T. Hogan, and Bill Guldbäck, professional of the Mt. Kisco Country Club. On opposite page: a facsimile of the four-page score card which Thomas drew up to lead his 89-acre course; and personally on card which he reads with great gusto whenever he decides to devise some "tradition" for the Club.

HAMMERSLEY HILL GOLF

(and Hunt)

CLUB



"Golf courses are like women. You want them to be beautiful, interesting and exciting. But, you don't want them to drive you mad." — DON HEROLD, *Cartoonist*, author, philosopher and golfer.



Honorary Member

Inspired by those two courses at Glen Eagles, in Scotland, the King's Course and Queen's Course, our longer one is known as The President's Course, and the nine hole version, The Vice President's Course. Decimal scoring system, never before used, suggested by Rob't Trent Jones.

The following comes under the heading of unimportant information. Hammersley Hill includes the shortest hole in the world, 80 Yds., No. 4, and, the longest, 800 Yds., No. 9.

Club President, Treas and Sec. Frances R. Thomas
Assistant Greens Keeper L.T.

If you play all 12 holes that's the President's course.
If only 9 then it's the V.P.'s course.

Hole	Yds	Par	Named For	Ball	Partner	Opp.	W L H S
1	244	4	Leo Dinger				
2	275	4	Frank Smith				
3	180	3	Pat Heenan				
4	80	3	Barl Stephenson				
5	400	4.5	Glenn Serrano				
6	350	5	Mary Taylor Ferar				
7	350	5	Bill Goldbeck				
8	400	4.5	George Ferrier				
9	800	7	Joe Kirkwood				
10	485	4.5	Robert Trent Jones				
11	350	5	Ed Morrow				
12	325	4	Tom Dewey				
12 Holes	3255	48.5					
9 Holes	2100	32.5					

Scored by _____

Attended _____

Date _____

NOTE: (When playing 9 holes, ship No. 4 and finish on No. 10)

U.S.G.A. Rules apply, except:

1. Play everything playable. If you lose ball in swamp, brush, or woods drop another where you think ball ought to be. No penalty.
2. Ball to be lifted without penalty from any shrub and dropped two club lengths therefrom, not nearer hole. Same from trees, boulders, road, pipe line, drainage ditches or outlet to pond.
3. On the 8th, if you go in Fran's garden you get a free lift; (if she's working there at the time you'll get a bonus!)
4. Owing to unusual number of water holes, penalty only one stroke, if you go in.
5. Ball through window, 5 stroke penalty! And Fran suggests you apply for airfa't to Thule.
6. No gimmies!
7. As for Winter rules, let your conscience be your guide.

Note:—Our regular "pro", Frank "Hatfield-McCoy" Smith, will be on an exhibition tour as understudy to Joe Kirkwood. His place is being taken by Geo. Ferrier, and Toni Matt, (Honorary).

LOWELL THOMAS

continued

keep *this* in mind by simply leaving a farm, or a private restaurant, and handstone works. Some vast, motivating urge—most obviously, if necessary, in most cases; the late Comedian Joe Cook, for instance, liked laughs and burned to shoot a hole in one and was thus moved to construct a green shaped like a funnel. The Thomas course, however, came as a kind of afterthought in a life devoted to achieving simple princeliness and is so mixed up in his mind with innumerable other projects that he tends to classify it with his softball diamond, his local ski tow, his international fireplace—stones from all parts of the world, his stand of small down sequoias from deepest Yunnan province and, at times, while on "expeditions", to forget all about it.

Building the course, it should be explained, was easy enough—he already had 80 acres of rolling meadowland around his home and the men and machinery to keep it in shape. Laying the foundation upon which it rests, however, was another matter; Thomas built his baronial establishment out of nothing more solid than air, and did so when more orthodox American grandees were sliding into obscurity by the hundreds on the banana peel of the Great Depression. One of these was a man named Fred F. French—who got enormously rich during the 1920s by building skyscrapers in New York—and Thomas still feels indebted to him both for his grandiose concepts and his lack of foresight.

At the height of the great boom after World War I, French decided to establish a family seat worthy of his stature and accomplishments. He found the site at Quaker Hall, a lovely section of elevated forest and farm land near the Connecticut line, 75 miles north of New York City. He bought up thousands of acres of it, then tore down all the farmhouses included in his domain, planted long vistas of Norway spruce, and built, at a cost of \$400,000, a great, 15-bathroomed Georgian house. When it was done, he was

able to shout before it was remark that everything else he could see was his. He went broke almost immediately and died shortly thereafter of angina pectoris.

Meanwhile, Thomas—an Army doctor's son who had grown up at Cripple Creek, Colo., had punched rattle, sampled the academic offerings of four colleges, and had gotten a start in life as a cub reporter in Cripple Creek—was proving that a man could get rich as quickly by talking as by plunging in the market or drilling oil wells. He held millions of Britons spellbound with an illustrated lecture on Lawrence of Arabia, whom he had cannily sought out in the desert during World War I, toured the Caribbean with another lecture on Germany's sea raider, Count von Larkner, became the voice of Movietone newsreels and succeeded the late Floyd Gibbons before the microphone on the first U.S. radio news program—a position of eminence which was later to bring him nearly a half million dollars a year.

He was—and still is, at 63—ferociously addicted to sport. He loved to ride, had learned to ski in Europe in 1919 (he is now associated with Insurance Tycoon C. V. Starr in operating the great ski resort at Stowe, Vt.), and decided to make the electronic age conform to his pattern of life. Although it strained his finances to the cracking point, even at Depression prices, he bought up the whole enormous French holdings at Quaker Hall and moved into the great house. Eventually, by installing radio equipment in a barnlike studio outbuilding, he arranged to do his broadcasts at home, thereby freeing himself to indulge his passion for sport and his flair for grandly steering others toward his kind of living.

The private golf course was doubtless inevitable from that point on, although Thomas kept busy at other works for some time. The new squire of Quaker Hall spurned his predecessor's policy of isolation and, although he kept a tidy 3,000 acres for himself, allowed selected supplicants—among them New York's Thomas E. Dewey and

A TRICKY SHOT and a lovely Quaker Hall scene: Mrs. John P. Sawyer lifting her ball across a moss pond, with her host's stuporous

Georgian house in the background. Thomas cannot hot-weather bow his fish-trout when guests glimpse a hole in the water.



television's Edward R. Murrow) to buy land in the country around him and to be swept along in the tide of his projects and enthusiasms. In the 1930s he went mad for softball and enrolled his friends and neighbors in a team known as the Nine Old Men, which engaged in spirited battles with a team of White House correspondents and Secret Servicemen organized by President Franklin D. Roosevelt; other celebrities were also lured to the plate, among them Westbrook Pegler, Dale Carnegie, Gene Tunney and even, at one point, Babe Ruth—who struck out.

Though his softball period was quickly followed by his present golf period, Thomas was kept so busy learning—or at any rate trying to learn—the game, and mulling over its frustrations and admiring its subtleties, that he did not immediately realize that there was golfing terrain at his very door. When a friend remarked on this fact one day four years ago, Thomas responded with alacrity; he discovered that a New Hampshire horticulturist would truck in and lay pregrown greens, ordered four, had the grass cut and, in only a fortnight, was enthusiastically operating the Hammersley Hill Golf (and Hunt) Club.

He has enlarged it since. Having installed what he conceives to be the shortest hole in the world (80 yards), he laid in the longest, which is almost one-half mile from tee to green. It is now possible to play either nine or 12 holes; the first setup being known as the Vice-Presidential course and the second as the Presidential course, in celebration of the fact that Ike and Dick Nixon have both been guests at Quaker Hill. Although ex-President Herbert Hoover is also a spasmodic visitor and, in fact, smuggled a stone out of Hitler's bunker under his coat for Thomas' fireplace a few years ago, he has yet to have a hole named after him.

To demonstrate the course in action, Thomas gathered a representative group of "members" a few days ago and put them through their paces. Several professionals reported, among them the irrepressible Gene Sarazen, who prepared for action by rolling up his pants, thrusting a cigar into his mouth, making a short speech on behalf of the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, which retains him as a sort of perpetetue exhibit. Pat Hogan, a friend of ex-Governor Dewey (who sent his regrets); Robert Trent Jones, the golf course architect; Edward R. Murrow; an editor; a publisher; Richard C. Doane, president of the International Paper Company, and his wife Mary; assorted lady golfers and a couple of neighbors from Quaker Hill composed the rest of the cast. Thomas hustled about among them as solemnly as the tournament director at the National Open, divided them into three foursomes, sent them on their way, teed off himself and then hurried to his electric caddy cart to follow with a cargo of bags.

In observing him, as the pleasant, sunny day progressed, it was impossible not to look for some covert sign of, well, satisfaction. Very few golfers have private courses, after all, and Thomas would have been only human if he had paused, somewhere along the line, and struck at least one pose. He only hustled; his air was not exactly that of a missionary among the heathen, for his guests were obviously converts already, but it would not be inaccurate to suggest that his attitude was that of a Billy Graham briefing his advance men. Golf to Thomas is something the world needs, and he was obviously a Man with Work to Do. After lunch at the studio (beer, hamburgers, salad and ice cream), he made what seemed at first to be an astounding gesture of abnegation: he suggested that better golf was possible on the nine-hole Quaker Hill course only five minutes away and asked everyone to join him there. It turned out in the end, however, that he had built it too.

END



STAR TV COMMENTATOR Edward R. Murrow, a man with a ferocious swing, punishes ball after arriving from his nearby farm.



HOST THOMAS (above) standing behind his electric caddy cart. Below: presiding at lunch for golfing friends in his big studio.





THE QUESTION: Are spectators intrigued by cruelty in sports?



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
Former U.S. Ambassador to Italy

No, not many. I'm not. I prefer skill in sports. So do the majority of fans. What are the popular sports?

Baseball, hockey, golf, soccer, tennis, horse racing and football. There's no cruelty in these sports. Cruelty in the violent sports inevitably leads to a death of interest.



LOUIS B. MAYER
Motion picture producer

In some sports spectators are accustomed to cruelty and they like it, even the women. Boxing is one. You've heard the shouts and screams of spectators when a boxer is on the verge of a knockout. When boxing fans enjoy a bitter fight in Hollywood, they throw money into the ring as a reward.



HELEN HAYES
Actress

Most spectators at top sports events are attracted by competition and entertainment, but it is unfortunate that cruelty also attracts its share of men and women. I've never been able to enjoy a bullfight. Even though the skill of the matador is fascinating, I can't stand the cruelty.



COUNT LEONARDO VITELLI
Italian Representative to the U.N.

Those sports in which there is cruelty could not be successful if spectators were not intrigued. Cruelty in another sport is a matter of honor and human nature never changes. Pope Pius X issued a statement against bullfighting but the Queen of Spain refused to publish it.



JIM FARLEY
Former Chairman N.Y. State Athletic Commission

No, I don't think so. The average sports fan is the first to cry out against cruelty in any sport. An athlete who indulges in cruelty is

quickly condemned. Some think that boxing is cruel? I don't. It's a manly sport. If a bout is ever one-sided, it's usually quickly stopped.



THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

I'm not, although I did sign a petition in England to permit calf roping at the rodeo. The RSPCA barred it as being cruel. However, the society did sanction bull-dogging, which I thought was worse. In bull-dogging, many cowboys have been gouged by the bulls and the spectators were fascinated.



RAYMOND MASSEY
Actor

I think that spectators are intrigued by violence in sports, not cruelty. But the dividing line is thin. Temper flares and violence can quickly degenerate into cruelty. And the fans often shrink their encouragement. Football violence that becomes cruel is not unusual and it can ruin the game.



PRINCE MICHAEL GOURDORFF
Former

Yes. Bullfighting is the cruelest sport I have ever seen. Millions of Spaniards and Mexicans exult in it. Even a bloody prizefight is

not as cruel because there's a referee to see that no one is seriously hurt. Bullfighting's object is the wearing down of a bull, methodically and sadistically, for the kill.



MRS. WENDELL WILLKIE
New York City

Yes. The first fight I saw was when my husband introduced Joe Louis at a match for a Navy benefit. Every time Joe hit his opponent I hid my face. But the spectators loved it. They yelled and screamed exactly like people do at bullfights in Spain. They must like the cruelty or they wouldn't go.



DICK COWELL
Financier

How about sports like deer hunting with a bow and arrow, elephant hunting where an animal has to be shot repeatedly, big game fishing when you watch your catch die in agony after an hour's struggle? Of course it's cruel, but it is intriguing to many of us, participants and spectators alike.

McDONOUGH'S MAGIC SHOVEL

Sirs:

Having read the interesting references to my favorite country (Mr. McDonough's *Magic Shovel*, SL, July 22 & 29), which I have skimed on a number of occasions, where I soldiered north of Dublin and was about Dublin nine months in 1918, I have some, perhaps unusual, interest.

I should like to ask Mr. McDonough if he is serious about developing a manufacturing organization in Ireland; and if this will serve both the British-controlled section in the north and the southern section under their own separate government.

We have dear friends in Ireland, particularly Duhlin way, and we have scratched our heads a number of times regarding what we could make over there and if we could operate on a profitable basis. Getting these lads to work even with Guinness Stout never worried me, although it may be a problem, and Mr. McDonough's being in the shovel business should put him right in the driver's seat because digging peat is a prime business. But it wouldn't take long, if I read this article correctly, to make enough shovels to go around.

F. M. YOUNG

President

Young Radiator Co.
Racine, Wis.

• Mr. McDonough assures us that he is "serious enough to look hard" at the possibilities of commercial development. "I'm going over there again this fall," he says, "and I'm going to continue to look." —ED.

Sirs:

I am not sure that I entirely approve of the plan to industrialize Ireland as Mr. McDonough's *Magic Shovel* suggests. Let us preserve one beautiful spot in the world where work is still something to be taken in moderation, where tempers are cool and conversation is a flourishing art and the only tranquillizer required to meet the stresses and strains of life is that bottled by Mr. Guinness.

I do approve of the cinder running track, however, and enclose a small token donation which I hope you will be good enough to forward to Mr. Billy Morton.

MRS. JAMES PATRICK BLAKE
Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

I have just celebrated my 90th birthday, and I am happy to see that some Irish-Americans are going to get a chance to do something for Ireland. I congratulate you for your stories and Mr. McDonough for his enterprise. The enclosed contribution is for Dublin's cinder track.

TIMOTHY McCARTHY

St. Louis

Sirs:

The appearance of the second installment of Mr. McDonough's *Magic Shovel* started a warm and spirited discussion of Ireland's problems here among the guests at the Coronado Inn. Since none of us own a shovel factory we thought the least we

could do is pass the hat for the enclosed contribution to the building of Ireland's first cinder track.

ED EDMUNDS

West Harwich, Mass.

• SPORTS ILLUSTRATED forwards all contributions to Mr. Billy Morton. —ED.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING McCARTHY

Sirs:

That was a very good piece by Horace Sutton on the Hamptons (SL, July 29). I enjoyed it doubly because I was vacationing in East Hampton at the time it came out. But he should have been more intrigued about why Restaurateur Herb McCarthy of Bowden Square wears, as Sutton puts it, "a starched white coat." It is not a white coat but a busboy's jacket!

Being a McCarthy, Herb thinks his busboy's jacket immediately conveys to the customers that he is a very humble man and wants to be regarded as just one of the help. In fact, he is mistaken as such mainly by the other help who, in the dim light, think he is one of them.

Being a McCarthy, Herb feels he looks more superior and that people automatically take him for the proprietor. All Irishers have many complexes but Irish publicans have them in multiple doses!

JOHN McCARTHY

Rye, N.Y.

BASEBALL: COOL HEADS IN BROOKLYN

Sirs:

It should surprise no one that any first-class American city would try to get our

BASEBALL: ROOKIE BAIT

Sirs:

You usually have a full-page cartoon, and I've thought of one that is timely.

Baseball scouts from the Cincinnati Reds are trying to sign a kid, who is a much-wanted boy, to a contract. In the background there are scouts from other teams

Dodgers. Mayor Wagner and Borough President Cashmore realize this and have shown imagination and effective leadership in meeting the conflicting problems that must be solved if the team is to be kept.

I hope the team can be kept in Brooklyn, and I believe that this is no idle hope. I don't know, and I doubt that anybody else knows or will know, what the chances are until the engineering studies now nearly ready have been submitted for the examination of the Sports Center Authority and the Mayor's Committee.

Meantime, speaking only as president of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, I would like to point out that this is no time for acrimony or name-calling, but for standing firmly together, perhaps in readiness for a last-ditch fight to keep the Dodgers here.

CHESTER A. ALLEN

President

Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce
Brooklyn, N.Y.

GOLF: DONE IT AGAIN

Sirs:

In the November 1, 1954 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED there was a small picture of Mr. Roy E. Campbell of Seattle and a short article telling about his shooting a 68 at the age of 69 at the Seattle Golf Club.

This leads up to the fact that Mr. Campbell has done it again. On July 20 he had his 72nd birthday, and on July 26 he shot a 72 on the same course.

ROBERT L. PALMER

Seattle

continued

waiting to talk to the boy. But the Reds think they have an ace in the hole when they tell him: "Sign with us and we'll put you in the All-Star Game your first year."

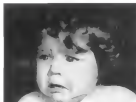
WALTER C. BUCHANAN

Manhattan, Kans.

• Like this? —ED.



"Sign with us and we'll put you in the All-Star Game your first year."



Losers Weepers?

Not when you carry First National City Bank Travelers Checks

No little girl! Your Daddy always carries safe First National City Bank Travelers Checks—and they're promptly refunded if lost or stolen. Famous for over 50 years! Backed by America's greatest world-wide bank, they're spendable everywhere! Cost only \$1 per \$100. Good until used. Buy them at your bank.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

**GO QUICKLY,
EFFORTLESSLY,
SURELY**

**WITH TEE-NEE
THE MOST FAMOUS NAME
IN BOAT TRAILERS**

Write for literature, name of nearest dealer.

TRAILER COMPANY
217 E. Indiana Ave.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

How to start a conversation!

Get away from
the humdrum...
serve those delicious
island drinks
with...

DAGGER

Jamaica Rum
8 years old

The recipe are on the bottle
17 Proof. Schieffelin & Co., New York



1001 HOLE

continued

THAT'S HORSE RACING

Sirs:

Your announcement that Jockey Rue Johnston has retired from the French track (*Exit the Crocodile*, S1, July 22) will cause a sigh from many an American who was living in Paris after World War II. He was our national hero, and the sight of him cantering down the backstretch 16 lengths off the pace made many a 100-franc bettor gnash his teeth. But when the mob saw him come into the stretch and the cry "Johnston à Paris!" was raised, you would marvel to see the little man riding like a fiend and looking more like a man on a high-wheeled bicycle than a jockey, for he rode sitting straight up—none of that Arraro streamlined-crouch nonsense.

When I was planning to come back to the States in the fall of 1948 all of my family had preceded me except my 18-year-old son. I said, "I think I'll take you to the races this afternoon at Longchamp because when we get to the States they don't let children into the track." So I went to the Guaranty Trust Company and drew out my balance, 65,000 francs.

Johnston was riding a 10-to-1 shot in the big race, and I put the 65,000 francs on his nose. He rode one of his typical races, and hit the wire just the same time as a couple of other horses. We had to wait for the picture to see who won and whether I was going to have 650,000 francs in the bank for a future trip to Paris; but he didn't win, and I've never been back. It was a matter of an inch or two. "That," I said to my son, "is horse racing."

W. M. K. CHAPMAN

New York

DOGS: BEAGLES AND BUNNIES

Sirs:

It has become increasingly clear to me that your magazine has devoted more and more space to fashions.

But only five weeks ago my beagle had five puppies, and I'd like to see an article which will tell me the best way to prepare them for the fall rabbit season. I know they will not be balls of fire this season, but unless they get a good start they may never amount to much.

How many articles on beagling have you published?

WILLIAM F. CONNELL

Grand Rapids

● **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, never one to slight any breed, beagle or fashion, suggests that Reader Connell look at the previous articles specifically on hunting and show beagles (S1, Jan. 3, 1955, May 23, 1955) and keep an eye open for a forthcoming article (with color photographs) on hunting. Meanwhile, *American Beagling* by Glenn G. Black or *The Art of Beagling* by Captain J. Otto Paget should help to get the pups off to a good start.—ED.

ANIMAL MOODS: KNOW THYSELF

Sirs,

We are puzzled about the identity of the picture on the July 15 cover (see right).

Our nongolfers say it is a golfer, our

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

a Time Inc. weekly publication

35 CENTS
\$3.50 A YEAR

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 151 North Dearborn Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send 52 weekly issues of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am a (circle one):
☐ New subscriber. Please bill me for \$7.50 at the above address.
☐ Renewal subscriber. Please bill me for \$7.50 at the above address.
☐ Gift subscriber. Please bill me for \$7.50 at the above address.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(This rate good only for subscriptions sent to continental U.S. and Canada)

5-3413

A bullet for Charlemagne



The thick-set Caro general got slowly to his feet. Behind him, in the darkness, stood an ugly backdrop of a hundred Haitian outlaws. At his feet, a woman stirred a small fire.

Confronting him, the tattered young man in blackface

disguise saw the fire gleam on his white silk shirt and pearl-handled pistol and knew this was the murderous chieftain, Charlemagne Masera Peralte. The man he'd come for, through a jungle and a 1200-man encampment, past six his-life outposts, faking detection and certain death.

Charlemagne squinted across the fire. "Who is it?" he challenged in Creole.

There was no alternative: Marine Sergeant Herman Hanneken dropped his disguise, drew an automatic, and fired.

The night exploded into gunfire, most of it from Hanneken's second-in-command, Marine Corporal Butson, and his handful of disguised Haitian gendarmes. But the shot that killed Charlemagne was the one which would finally end Caro terror and bring peace to Haiti.

Sergeant Hanneken is retired now—as Regular General Hanneken, USMC, with a Silver Star for Guadalcanal, a Legion of Merit for Peleliu, a Bronze Star for Cape Gloucester, a Gold Star, and a Navy Cross. And, for his incredible expedition against Charlemagne, November 1, 1919, the Medal of Honor.

The Herman Hannekens are a rare breed, it is true. Yet in all Americans there is much of the courage and character which they possess in such unusual abundance. Richer than gold, greater, even, than our material resources, it is the living wealth behind one of the world's soundest investments—United States Savings Bonds. It backs our country's guarantee of safety of principal up to any amount, and an assured rate of return. For real security, buy Bonds!

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 4½% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 6 years and 11 months. Hold your old E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

SAFE AS AMERICA...U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U. S. Government does not pay for new advertising. It is done by the U.S. Treasury Department. It is done by the U.S. Treasury Department. It is done by the U.S. Treasury Department.



PAT ON THE BACK



MRS. P. HUBER HANES JR.

Fishing is the favorite pursuit of this attractive young matron and her husband, members of a prominent Winston-Salem, N.C. family. And taking a prize like this tarpon is not likely to diminish Mrs. Hanes's enthusiasm. Boated on a recent visit to Islamorada, Fla., it weighed 51 pounds and was taken in 27 minutes, using a seven-ounce Ted Williams fly rod with 12-pound test leader—a feat of considerable skill. Between them the Haneses caught six tarpons in three days.

Hunting and golf are other sport interests shared by Mr. and Mrs. Hanes, but when the responsibilities of a large household, raising four children and running a knitting mill can be laid aside, it's the rod and reel and a good fishing location they choose. And during the periods when a trip is out of the question, Mrs. Hanes can be found practicing her pet sport on the fish-filled lakes of their country farm.

Where there's Life...there's Bud!

THERE IT IS in blue and white: The label tells you the ingredients that make Budweiser so refreshing. Unusual for a beer label? Yes, it is. But this is Budweiser.

A vintage Budweiser advertisement. The background is a teal-colored bathtub. A woman with dark hair and red lipstick is smiling and looking up at a glass of beer being poured. A hand is holding a can of Budweiser Lager Beer, pouring the beer into a tall, elegant glass. The beer has a thick head of white foam. The word "Budweiser" is written in large, white, serif font across the bottom of the image.

Budweiser

new (and wonderful) from

Admiral.



Slim Line styling—110" picture tube



Giant 17" screen. Only 13 1/2" deep

Jolted and Jarred 7200 times per minute... New Admiral Portable TV picture stays perfect!

Only Admiral's "Power-Plated" chassis is specially built to take the rough treatment portable TV gets. In a wracking vibration test, an Admiral Slim Line Portable TV was jolted and jarred 7200 times a minute for 24 hours—and still the picture stayed perfect! No flip . . . no fade . . . no flutter!

To top it off, Admiral Portable TV has 55 1/2% more picture power—a whopping 15,500 volts—for the brightest, clearest picture you've ever seen! So insist on the only portable that's thin, rugged, and powerful—Admiral!

Shown above: Model P17D22

Giant 17" picture. Cabinet only 13 1/2" deep. New and shortest 110" picture tube. 15,500 volts of picture power. Hideaway "Power-Power" single arm antenna. 3 Stage I.F. Cascade Tuner. Choice of 2-tones and smart solid colors. Also in white leather-grain finish.



Slim line styling



8 1/2" x 11 1/2" x 11 1/2" Admiral 110" Picture Tube



"Power Tower" antenna



"Power Plated" chassis



Big 10 from \$89.95



Slim Line 14



Slim Line 7